

THE
FORCE
OF
EDUCATION.

Illustrated in the

MEMOIRS

OF

Mademoiselle de ST. EUGENE,

AND THE

Baron de CROMSTAD.

Translated from the *French* of Mon-
sieur *de V——*. *N*

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. GRIFFITHS, at the *Dunciad*,
in St. *Paul's* Church-yard.

M D C C L I.

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OF

Madeleine de St. Eugene,



Baron de St. Eugene.

Translated from the French of Mon-
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LONDON:

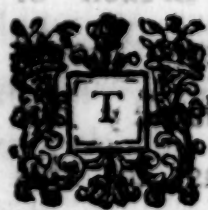
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M DCC LII.



only for the Entertainment of a few
should ever have been made pub-
lic; but the Gentleman, to whom
it was sent, imagined that the Pub-
lic on one hand would look upon
the Communication of it as a Pa-
trist, and on the other as a Libel.
The friend would have no Cause to

EDITOR'S PREFACE.



THE Letters which in-
troduce this little Com-
position, intimate the
Motives which produ-
ced it, and at the same Time the
Haste with which it was execut-

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ed ; on which we hope all its Negligences will be charged. They would indeed hardly admit of any Excuse, could the Author have foreseen, that what was intended only for the Entertainment of a few should ever have been made public ; but the Gentleman, to whom it was sent, imagin'd, that the Public on one Hand would look upon the Communication of it as a Favour, and on the other, that his Friend would have no Cause to complain of this slight Breach of Confidence, if his History should meet with general Applause ; but should his Expectations in this Particular be disappointed, he will naturally conceal himself ; and we who

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who are his Friends, will take Care not to expose him.

LETTER to the Marquis d----

YOU acquaint me, Sir, that Yesterday, a Piece of the celebrated M. Nericault Destouches, entitled, *The Force of Nature*, was acted for the first Time. From the few Hints you give me of it, I am inclined to think that it is founded on a real History, every Circumstance of which I am thoroughly acquainted with; but the Author has entirely altered the Characters. This was doubtless to enable him not to keep up to the Principle which he

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*so happily translated in his Comedy
of the Boaster.*

Chassez le naturel, il revient au
Galop.

Naturam expellas, furca tamen us-
que recurret.

Though the repeated and deserved
Success of that learned Academician
will not allow me to doubt of the
Merit of his new Piece, I cannot,
however, forbear imparting to you
my Opinion with Regard to the
Turn he has thought proper to give
it. Comedy I have always looked
upon either as a Scourge for ridicu-
lous Characters, or a Model of
Morality. Now, Sir, in the Sketch
which you give me of this Piece,
neither

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neither of these commendable Ends are answered. Where is the Danger of being ridiculed? Where the Hopes of rectifying our Weaknesses, or extirpating our Vices, when Nature, which forces them upon us, notwithstanding all our Endeavours, is represented as having a Force superior to that of Education? I presume, Sir, you will agree with me, that this Change of Children might have been improved to a much better Purpose, by exhibiting two Truths, which are certainly of greater Advantage; I mean, that good or evil Dispositions do not always depend on Birth; and that, on the contrary, our natural good Inclinations are often improved, as our bad ones are rectified by the

A 4

Influence

Influence of Education. Is it not a dangerous Way of flattering the Great to instil into them, that the happy Temper which they so frequently, tho' without any Reason, boast as the Appendage of their Birth, is incorruptible by Example, Education, or any other Circumstance?

And is it not, on the other Hand, putting a Stop to the Emulation of Persons of a meaner Birth, to insinuate to them, by Examples, that to polish the Rusticity, and refine the Savageness of the Vulgar, which, 'tis pretended they receive from Nature, is beyond the Power of the best Education, or the most powerful Incitements?

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concul

P R E F A C E. vii

As it is impossible for me to procure a Sight of the Piece itself, possibly I may speak at Random; but if so, Sir, you must be accountable for it. I may plead, why did not you inform me more at large, of the Plan, Execution, and Success of this Piece, as you were such an attentive Spectator at its first Representation? For, in Case of Error, I am ready to retract what I have said. However, as I cannot persuade myself that you can be mistaken in the Character of the supposed Paughler, or in that of the true Heiress, I must still abide by my Judgment, and think I have Reason to wish that this Contrivance, with the Series of Transactions which attended

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tended it, had been more truly and circumstantially communicated to M. Destouches: Or, if his Information was true and exact, that he had preserved to the two Heroines of his Poem their true Characters, which would have been no Breach of the Laws of the Drama, and, with Regard to Morality and Use, far preferable. Besides this Story abounds with so many Circumstances, that, if properly exhibited, they would not fail of raising very sensible Emotions. And since there is not a single Word of any Incident which made its Way to your Heart, I cannot forbear thinking that you were not so much affected at the Representation as you would have been with a plain Narrative.

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relative. Accept of my Thanks, Sir, for the Favour of your literary Communications, and let me beg you to continue them. Believe me, it is even an Act of Charity to send me such Entertainments in a Retreat so destitute of rational Amusement. I have the Honour of being, &c.

ANSWER to the foregoing Letter.

S I R,

I Have laid your Letter before your dear and elegant Society, which to Day did my House the Honour of making it their Rendezvous; our Satisfaction had no Alloy but your Absence. With regard to the Justness of your Reflections, I must read the Piece
over

over again before I can properly determine between the Work and the Criticism, but that is not the Point at present. Some Ladies, of your Acquaintance, in a Visit to me, happened to see your Letter, which has greatly excited their Curiosity to know your true History. I wish your Gallantry would put you upon writing it, tho' ever so hastily, for our Satisfaction; for they will never rest till they know it; and you may either thank, or be Angry with, the severe Season, and badness of the Roads, because otherwise we should all have come in a Body, for a Dinner and the Recital of the Story. 'Tis in their Name that I present you this Request; but shall not be backward to share in their Acknowledgments for the Favour.

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P. S. *The Ladies will have your History called, The Force of Education.*

Second Letter to the Marquis d' —

I Readily comply, Sir, and when this is dispatched, shall immediately begin the History. Indeed I ought to thank you and the Ladies for putting me upon it, as in this dull Season, it will be no disagreeable Antidote against Lassitude. That my Compliance may be more compleat, I shall adopt the Title which the Ladies have prescribed, tho' a more expressive one might be found. What is it to me whether this be so proper or not? 'Tis enough that it pleases those who have enjoined me the Work. Let me, however, declare to you,

you, that by adapting this Title, I do not intend to oppose my History to M. Destouche's Play. I am a Stranger to that Performance, and I desire not to have a Sight of it 'till I have performed this Task, which will be very soon, as it is so agreeable. I like his Works, and I esteem the Man. Besides a Concern for my own Character would restrain me from opposing so able an Atagonist. My chief Satisfaction in this Piece would be to explode the visionary Notion of a great Number of People, with regard to what is called the Force of Blood, the Force of Nature, which is generally nothing more than the Force of Custom. They doubtless thought they were doing Honour to Human Nature, who first adopted

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adopted a Prejudice so often contradicted by Experience. How often have Love and Friendship, whose Force in general flows from Custom, triumphed over this boasted Power of Blood and Nature? To this how many passionate Lovers, ardent Friends, affectionate Fathers, and tender Children, can bear Witness? How many of these are there, who are conscious that the Force of Blood and Nature in them has often given way to very low Interests and Desires?

Let me add, Sir, that, in order to conceal the real Names of my Persons, I shall substitute the first fictitious ones which occur to my Thoughts, especially as this Affair may concern some People still living, that they should remain in

Oblivion.

Oblivion. Take with you also that I am only scribbling, not composing a History, and what is intended only for, and must remain a private Entertainment. So much for a Preamble.

And I am, Sir, &c.

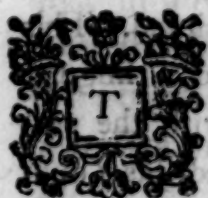


Oblivion.

T H E



THE F O R C E O F EDUCATION.



HE Count *de St. Eugene* was one of the handsomest and richest young Noblemen of his Time; and besides these Advantages of Nature and Fortune, the several Talents requisite in War and in the Cabinet center'd in him. These Accomplishments made him equally esteemed by Marshal *Turenne* and Cardinal *Mazarine*. The latter, who was Prime Minister during the Minority of *Louis XIV.* having certain Advice, that the *Spaniards*

B were

were negotiating a clandestine Treaty with *Oliver Cromwell*, to the Prejudice of *France*; and knowing the Address and Talents of the Count *de St. Eugene*, sent him privately into *England*: And to his Vigilance, and, perhaps, his Intrigues, was owing, as the Cardinal himself acknowledged, the Success of the Treaty, concluded on the 2d of *November* 1655, between the Protector and *France*. The difficult Part he was to act in *England* had required him to change his Name, and even to pretend to be born in *Denmark*; with the Language of which Country he was perfectly acquainted. This Disguise afterwards occasioned a singular Event. The young Count, with the personal Qualities above mentioned, his Youth (being then but in his twenty-seventh Year) and natural Gallantry, could not fail of rendering him extremely agreeable to the Fair. Accordingly he soon became the Favourite of a Daughter of one of the richest Merchants in *England*. Tho' he was a younger Branch of a very noble Family, the weighty Affairs with which he was intrusted, were too much concerned in
secreting

secreting his real Name and Country, to allow him to disclose them to his Mistress; so that he prudently left her in a Mistake with regard to the Author of the Fruit of their Amours, of which she was not delivered till some Months after the Return of the Count *de St. Eugene* into *France*. The Sequel will inform us of Part of the Destiny of this Infant, and the Manner of his Introduction into the present History.

The Count *de St. Eugene*, upon his Arrival in *France*, appeared at Court in the greatest Splendor, which was heightened by the general Applause he acquired by the Success of his Negotiation. Cardinal *Mazarine*, convinced that he was equal to the most weighty Affairs, and fearing lest the Accidents of War might deprive him of so useful a Person, prevailed upon the Marquis his Father to induce him to quit the Service, that he might wholly employ him in State Affairs; and upon M. *de Lionne* having miscarried in his Negotiation for a Peace with *Spain*, the Cardinal compass'd his Design, by appointing the Count *de St. Eugene*

to continue the Conferences with *Lewis de Haro*, and a Peace was concluded towards the End of the Year 1659. The Cardinal, in Return for these Successes, thought of procuring some honourable Employment for the Count *de St. Eugene*, which might the better entitle him to an advantageous Marriage. Accordingly he was nominated Ambassador to one of the first Courts in *Europe*; and in 1660 was concluded a Treaty of Marriage between him and *Mademoiselle de Villemare*, a young Lady of high Birth and prodigious Fortune, which was greatly increased by her only Brother's dying without Issue, a few Months after their Marriage.

By this young Lady he had a Daughter, about the Beginning of the following Year, who was sent to Nurse, to a Woman called *Maria Anne Joclet* who, about two Months before the Countess, had been delivered of a Daughter called *Angelica*. Since which *Maria Anne*, having lost her Husband, lived in a Village at a little Distance from *Paris*: A few Days after she had received *Adelaide*,
which

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which was the Name of Mademoiselle *de St. Eugene*, the Count was to set out upon his Embassy. Whatever Fondness the Countess might have for her little Daughter, she was absolutely determined to accompany her Husband; and as the Marquis *de St. Eugene*, her Father-in-law, labour'd under the Infirmities of an advanced Age, she committed the Care of so precious a Charge to the Marchioness *de Villemare*, the Widow of her late Brother.

About a Month after the Departure of the Count and Countess, Cardinal *Mazarin*, their Patron, died; but the Count's Qualities were too eminent, and his Success too conspicuous for his Fate to depend on the Favour of a single Person. Now let us, for a short Time, leave the Count *de St. Eugene*, to observe the Proceedings of Providence, with regard to the Condition and Education of his Infant at Nurse. The young Lady, who had taken upon herself that important Charge, was only in the first Year of her Widowhood, and, at that Time, Mournings being neither so short nor

6 *The* FORCE *of*

relax as now-a-days, it was above three Months before she went to see her young Niece *Adelaide*; but carefully sent to her Nurse a Profusion of every thing which she thought might be wanting for the Child. At length she went herself to see her, and finding her healthy and strong for her Age, and observing *Joclet* to be extremely fond of her, she expressed her Satisfaction, assuring *Joclet*, that her Care and Fondness would be well rewarded. After this, the Marchioness *de Villemare* frequently visited her Niece, and always with new Delight at her Growth and Beauty, which she was not wanting to communicate in the most pleasing Terms, to the Count and Countess *de St. Eugene*.

Young *Adelaide* was in her third Year before the least Mention had been made of taking her from her Nurse, as the Marchioness observed her to thrive so charmingly by the Skill and Care of *Joclet*, and the healthy Air of the Place; but about this Time the Marquis *de St. Eugene*, *Adelaide's* Grandfather, died suddenly. As he left a large and clear Estate, and the Count was his
only

only Heir, he obtained leave to return home, to take Possession of his Fortune, and settle his Affairs. In this Journey it was, that the Count may, not improperly, be said to have had the first Sight of his Daughter. He discharged her Nurse, and appointed her a Governess; and the Marchioness *de Villemare*, his Sister-in-law, made him an Offer of her own House for his little Daughter, during his Absence: The Count himself being obliged to return, without Delay to his Post, to attend the great Affairs then on the Carpet, and which were not brought to a happy Conclusion till the Signing of the Peace, at *Breda*, between *France*, *England*, *Denmark*, and *Holland*. The Count was then extremely desirous of returning to his own Country: But, as Peace had not spread its happy Influence over all *Europe*, his great Usefulness to his Master's Interests obstructed his Wishes; nor could he obtain Leave to return to *France* till some Years after; when the King, irritated at the Defection of almost all his Allies, sent the Count the long-wish'd

for Order, to leave a Court, against which, a more faithful Ally soon after declared War.

Before we settle the Count *de St. Eugene* in *France*, we must call to Mind his former Voyage into *England*, his Amour there with the Merchant's Daughter, from whom he had concealed his Name and Country, lest his Confidence in her might be of Prejudice to the Design of his Journey, so that his forsaken Mistress, thinking him to be really the Baron *de Cromstad*, as he called himself, and a Native of that Country the Language of which he affected to speak; after writing several Letters to the pretended Baron *de Cromstad*, without receiving any Answer, she at last determined to send the Son she had by him, to a Court where she hoped he would at least hear of, if not actually meet with the Baron *de Cromstad* his Father. Besides Money, and some Jewels, which had been presented to her by the Count *de St. Eugene*, she gave him Recommendations to a wealthy Correspondent of several *English* Merchants of Credit, whose
Name

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Name was *Andrew Piter*. Young *Cromstad*, she had given him the supposed Name of his Father, was in his sixteenth Year when he arrived at *Copenhagen*, whither, fortunately, the Count *de St. Eugene* had been sent Ambassador, preferably to all Competitors, on Account of his perfect Knowledge of the Language.

Cromstad had been compleatly educated ; for besides the *English*, he spoke and wrote the *French* and *German* Languages in their Purity, and had made a tolerable Progress in the Sciences. He was of a quick and penetrating Genius ; and all these Advantages were greatly heighten'd by the Beauty of his Person, which was a natural Letter of Recommendation in all Countries : His Size, Shape, and Figure were answerable to these Accomplishments. Such was *Cromstad* when he came to *Andrew Piter*, to whom he had been recommended, and who received him with the greatest Kindness. But he soon communicated to his new Guest, the sensible Concern he felt for the Trouble and Anxiety he brought upon himself in

the Search of a Father, or rather Phantom, utterly unknown in that Court. Young *Cromstad*'s Behaviour and Misfortunes had so great an Influence upon the old Gentleman, that he conceived a truly paternal Affection for him, and determined to instruct him in the several Branches of his Commerce. *Cromstad* indeed suffered himself, with a kind of Repugnancy, to be initiated in Affairs so opposite to his natural Genius, or rather those disinterested and aspiring Sentiments which his Mother had endeavoured to inculcate in him from the first dawning of his Reason.

The Merchant, his Patron, who was also a Banker of the greatest Repute in the City, and supplied the *French* Ambassador with Money, having a considerable Sum payable to him, send *Cromstad* to *St. Eugene*. The young Clerk addressed the Ambassador in *French*; but with so noble an Air and Gracefulness, that the Count could not forbear observing him very particularly, and giving him some Commendations on his Appearance and Deportment.

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He ask'd him several Questions: and whether on understanding that he was an *Englishman* by Birth, or whether *Cromstad*, whose Name he was yet Stranger to, resembled in some Measure his Mother, the Count could hardly suppress an Emotion which suddenly seized him, but became much stronger, when on asking his Name, he answered, *Cromstad*. However, to prevent a Discovery, he dismissed him, with an involuntary Trembling, and sent a Message to *Andrew Piter*, desiring to see him next Day.

The Count *de St. Eugene* gradually recovered himself from the Confusion occasioned by his Interview with *Cromstad*, and tho' he could not help being persuaded that his imagining this young Man to be his Son was no Illusion, it was every way so much his Interest not to own him, that he armed his Mind against any farther Emotions, and grew perfectly easy about it; when the next Day the Banker waited upon him according to his Desire,. Their Discourse turned on Affairs of a quite different Nature, and it was only on the Banker's taking

taking his Leave, and as it were by chance, that he mentioned young *Cromstad*.

What young Man is that, said he, whom you sent Yesterday? I do not remember to have seen him before. Is he a Son of yours? No, my Lord, answer'd *Piter*, he is an *English* Youth, who has been with me only a few Weeks, and whose History is something remarkable. How! replied the Count, I think he is too young to have been already engaged in any unfortunate Affair of Love or Honour, that could oblige him to abandon his Country. This is not the Case, my Lord, answered the Banker, he is the Son of a young Lady of a very good Family, who was seduced by an Adventurer, who, among other fine Things, pretended to be a Person of Distinction belonging to this Court, and left her big with Child. As for the poor Mother, after writing many fruitless Letters to her Seducer, she has committed this her Son to my Care, in Hopes of finding his Father. With Regard to himself, he is a very promising Youth, of good Morals, well educated, and who, could

could he be prevailed upon to like Commerce, might become a rich Man; but he is a little Gay, and I am afraid that sometime or other he will engage in the Army; for he seems wholly inclined to War and Fighting. This Description of his natural Son was far from being disagreeable to the Count. But my Friend *Piter*, said his Excellency, if you have so great a Concern for this Youth, it would perhaps be no Difficulty to do something for him; and if he is really possessed of such promising Dispositions as you mention, I might by my Interest procure him a Commission, in the *French Army*, with a Promise of Countenancing his Merit, and that his gallant Behaviour shall not fail of Preferment; in the mean Time, he may be one of my Pages. Really, replied the Banker, it would be nobly done of your Excellency, and I dare be answerable for his Mother's joyful Agreement to it. Very well, interrupted the Count, 'tis resolved upon, you may send him to me this very Day; but as he is to be classed with the Gentlemen of my Retinue, let him be introduced to me by
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the Name of the Baron *de Cromstad*, and especially let him be very careful not to mention the least Word of his Birth. O, my Lord, there's no Fear of that, replied the Banker; for there is nothing he dreads more than the Particulars of his Birth being known. He has a Spirit which takes Fire at the least Disgrace, and nothing but absolute Necessity could have prevailed upon him to have intrusted me with that Secret, in Confirmation of which he has shewed me several Jewels, and particularly a Diamond which his Mother gave him, as a Proof of the reality of his Claim, in case he should find here that pretended Baron his Father. Better still, said the Count, farewell, Sir, you may bring him this Afternoon. I will immediately take Measures for the Reception of this new Comer, and am pleased with having this Opportunity of shewing my Regard for you.

Mr. *Pier* was no sooner got home than he imparted the News to young *Cromstad*, mentioning the Particulars of the Ambassador's

bassador's Discourse, his Caution to conceal
 his Birth, and his continual Favour, if he
 answered the Recommendations: He then
 bid him dress himself to the best Advantage,
 for he was that very Day to be presented to
 his Excellency. To be delivered from the
 hated Counter, and received in a genteel
 Station, into the Retinue of the *French*
 Ambassador, with a Promise of Military
 Preferment, was such a Change of Condi-
 tion as filled *Cromstad's* Heart with the most
 joyful Expectations.

He was accordingly presented that same
 Day to the Count and Countess, and very
 graciously received by both. His Instruction
 in those genteel Exercises, in which all
 who are designed for the Army should be
 expert, was committed to the Ambassador's
 Gentleman of the Horse, who had served
 with Honour as an Officer in the Army,
 and who conceived a great Friendship for
 young *Cromstad*, as did the Countess, and
 the whole Family. Indeed the Dexterity
 and Application of *Cromstad* deserved to be
 distinguished by the former, as his Polite-
 ness

ness and Easiness of Temper could not fail of endearing him to the latter.

Cromstad had now been near three Years with the Count, when he was recalled into *France*. He had been very careful to satisfy himself of the Birth of his new Page, by examining the Jewels, and particularly the Diamond, which he was persuaded were the very same he had presented to his Mistress. This, added to the other Circumstances, proved, beyond Dispute, that the Page was his real Son; but was always careful that he should never have any other Idea of him than that of a Master. *Cromstad* arrived in *France* with the Count his Father, towards the End of the Year 1674, being then in his nineteenth Year.

The Count *de St. Eugene*, was received with all the Marks of Distinction due to his important Services. The King, besides the highest Commendations on his Assiduity and Address, conferred on him the most honourable Favours for a Person in his Station, and the Count immediately made use of

of his Interest to procure Commissions for his Pages, that their good Behaviour also might not fail of its Reward. Among these the young Baron *de Cromstad* was the best provided for; he obtained a Commission for a Lieutenant of Horse; and as *France* was then engaged in a severe War, in less than a Year his Bravery advanced him to be Captain of the Troop. Now let us take a Prospect of the calmer Hours of the Count *de St. Eugene*, amidst the Endearments of his Family.

Here indeed Words are too faint to express the lively Joy of the Count and his Lady, when the Marchioness *de Villmare* delivered up to them their dear *Adelaide*, whom they had not seen for so long a Time, and who was then in her fourteenth Year. As this Lady had spared no Pains in her Education, she already possessed, in a very signal Degree, every Accomplishment suitable to her Quality, and had made such a Progress in the polite Arts and Sciences, as might have done honour to a much longer Application: It is true, she

seemed

seemed grown above her Years : She had regular Features ; but there was more Majesty than Sweetness in them. She was rather what it called a *Grecian* than a *French* Beauty. Her Eyes were indisputably the finest that could be ; they were soft and languishing, tho' they did not seem to be naturally so ; in fine, the Temper which the Marchioness had, with the greatest Affinity, early implanted in her, was the very Reverse of that Loftiness which might naturally be apprehended from her Looks, her whole Deportment being mild, condescending, and polite. Her Voice, tho' strong, was moving, and all her Words manifested both a lively Wit and a solid Judgment. She was also of an advantageous Height, which, joined to her other Accomplishments, rendered her a very amiable Person. Accordingly the Count and Countess never saw her but with Transport. Tho' she was the only Pledge of their Marriage, such an Assemblage of Perfections in their dear *Adelaide*, rendered them perfectly easy, with regard to any more Children. Indeed all the wise and virtuous Principles

in

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in which the Marchioness *de Villemare* had so tenderly instructed her, were hardly sufficient to protect her against the indulgent Fondness, not to say the Adoration, of her Parents. They seemed to envy each other the Moments they spent with *Adelaide*; and on every Occasion, their parental Fondness was never exceeded, if ever equal'd. They were hardly settled in *France*, when Overtures were made to them from the most honourable Persons at Court, for young *Adelaide*; but the Count and Countess, with some Impatience, constantly answered, alas! we are yet scarcely acquainted with our Happiness! It is not to be thought that we can deprive ourselves of it so soon! Young *Adelaide* also entirely concurred with their Sentiments. As her Fondness was not inferior to theirs, it was a Torment to her to mention any Engagement which tended to remove her not only from the Company, but even from the Embraces and Caresses of her Parents, when on all Sides there was an Emulation of Tenderness. It must be premised that she was not insensible to the personal and acquired Accomplish-

complishments of the Baron *de Cromstad*, who still liv'd in the House of the Count *de St. Eugene*, this Nobleman giving him Marks of a distinguished Kindness. *Cromstad* also had too much indulged himself in an innocent and undesigning Admiration of *Adelaide's* Beauty; yet was very far from entertaining any presumptuous and visionary Expectations, as he himself accounted them. This latent Passion was a Stranger to all whose Interest it was to be acquainted with it, and his thorough Sense of the Gratitude he owed the Count *de St. Eugene*, would have restrained him from the least Intimation of it, had not the Circumstance, as will be seen in the Sequel, obliged him to a Discovery. The opening of the Campaign was a welcome Season to him, as it delivered him from that Constraint and Inactivity, in which he was obliged to pass, or rather languish out, the Winter.

Among the Multitudes of noble Youths who had offered themselves to *Adelaide*, there was one who was, in every respect, so suitable, and an Alliance with whom seemed

to

to promise so much Honour, Advantage, and Happiness, that the Count and Countess *de St. Eugene*, could not refuse their Consent; but however it was accompanied with some Restrictions; for neither of them would lay the least Restraint on their Daughter's Inclinations: Besides they were absolutely determined not to marry her before she had reached her eighteenth Year, and their extreme Fondness could hardly bear the Thoughts of parting with her at the Expiration of so short a Time, as it seemed to them. The Marquis *d'Anglure* was the only Lover countenanced by her Parents. Tho' he could not be said to be passionately in love with *Adelaide*, he liked her Person and Temper; and tho' of an illustrious Family, and greatly in the Favour of his Prince, he had Views of Agrandisement in marrying the Daughter of the Count *de St. Eugene*. He was admitted to visit frequently the Count and Countess, and sometimes to have an Interview with the charming *Adelaide*, in Hopes that Conversation would produce that previous Inclination, without which

which the Happiness of Marriage is very precarious and defective.

It was now some Months since the Marquis d'Anglure had paid his Addressee to *Adelaide*, when her Nurse came to *Paris*, with her Daughter *Angelica*, to visit *Mademoiselle de St. Eugene*. The Count and Countess, who had all the Liberality becoming Persons of Fortune, loaded her with Presents, and insisted on her staying some Days at their House. *Adelaide* was extremely fond of her dear Nurse, the good-natured *Foclet* returning it with Tears of Tenderness, which continued to flow with more Violence every Time she saw *Adelaide*. Nor was this young Lady less kind to *Angelica*, her Foster-Sister; but *Angelica* wanted a great deal of the Mother's sympathizing Softness. *Adelaide* ordered new Cloaths for them both, and when *Angelica* had dressed herself in hers, which were very gay and genteel for a Country Girl, the real Sentiments of her Heart seemed to disclose themselves. She threw her Arms about *Adelaide's* Neck, with her Eyes full of Tears, telling her, how greatly

greatly she was afflicted at the Thoughts of returning to the obscure Life of a Villager, and even complained to *Adelaide* of the Hardships her Mother put upon her, using her harshly, and imploying her in the meanest and most laborious Household Work. *Adelaide* was so affected with the Tears, Complaints, and Caresses of *Angelica*, that she promised to prevail on the Count and Countess to consent to her staying with her, which Request was immediately granted by her Parents, whose Indulgence knew no Bounds : So that Dame *Joclet* returned alone to her Village, not less pleased at leaving *Angelica*, than at the large Presents she had received.

Young *Angelica* being no inconsiderable Person in our History, a Description of her may not be impertinent. She was nearly of the Size of *Adelaide*, but somewhat awkward. Her Voice was softer, and full as pleasing as that of *Adelaide*, being what might be justly called a fine Voice, and nothing wanting but Art and Method : Her Eyes were not so large, but more brilliant and

and lively. The Regularity of her other Features was hurt by an Accident which happened to her in her Infancy, of falling into the Fire, which occasioned a Scar, and some Seams. Tho' this was a Disadvantage to the Symmetry of her Features, it was but a slight Disfigurement to her whole Face. Her Complexion, tho' very far from equalling the Clearness and Softness of that of *Adelaide*, being a little Sun-burnt, as she had always been exposed to the Air in the Country; yet it was visible that naturally she had a very fine Skin, and only wanted proper Care to recover its Beauty. Accordingly a Stay of some Months at *Paris*, a Dancing-Master, and the condescending Offices of the kind *Adelaide*, transformed *Angelica* into quite another Creature. To this Description of her Person, it is necessary to add her Disposition and Intellects: What she had of the latter, which was inconsiderable, was employed in Spite, not to say Malignity, being a Composition of Artifice, Deceit, and Obstinacy. These may be considered as the Instruments and Effects of her other ill Qualities, being,
vain,

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vain, envious, avaritious, and implacable; and as the finishing Stroke to *Angelica's* Character, add, an inordinate Self-love, Arrogance, and Impetuosity, and an aukward Coquetry, which she had early acquired.

Before we bring two such opposite Characters as those of *Adelaide* and *Angelica* into Action, it is requisite that the Reader should be acquainted with that of the Marquis *d'Anglure*. He was allowed to be one of the handsomest of all the young Nobility. Indeed he was himself too sensible of this Advantage; but he had the Art of hiding his Vanity under the Appearance of the greatest Disregard for it. He did not indeed say to any one, *There is nothing in me but what is common*; but his Countenance seemed rather to say, *It is unnecessary for me to inform you what an extraordinary Person I am, you cannot help perceiving it, if you have either Eyes or Understanding.*

He was very artful, but would not for the World have been thought so. Yet he was a Person of the strictest Honour, and

C

amidst

amidst all the Sallies and Extravagances of Youth, and the bad Influence of depraved Companions: He still retained an inviolable Regard for Probity: Nor was he chargeable with any scandalous Excesses. From his Success in his Amours, and the general Talk of the World, he had conceived but a very mean Opinion of the Virtue of Women, and his boldest Attempts upon them had seldom miscarried. Accordingly he was very deficient in what is called the Art of Pleasing, and those trifling Complaisances, which are so often conducive to bring a Woman to one's Desires. In his whole Behaviour with them he observed very little Punctuality, Diligence or Complaisance. With him all the little Arts practised by the *Beau Monde* to carry on their Designs, were an intolerable Constraint; but none exceeded him in Resolution and Activity on substantial Occasions, and the Advancement of his Fortune, tho' already far from being despicable, had the Ascendant of all other Passions and Designs. He had a superficial Knowledge of

all

all the Branches of Learning which are necessary in the Camp and Court. He was very forward and warm in his Decisions, and as obstinately defended them, tho' the Opinion on which, as he used to say, he founded his Judgment, was sometimes, and even very frequently, quite opposite to common Sense, and a true Estimate of Things. Another Particular, of no small Import, relating to the Marquis *d'Anglure*, is, that he was the sole Heir of a noble Family; but whose Affairs were then under some Embarrassment. His Father being afraid of losing him, had opposed his going into the Army, and procured him a considerable Post at Court. But, notwithstanding all his Incumbrances, he could not bear the Thought of his Son's under-marrying himself to clear them. He put him therefore upon addressing himself to the Daughter of the Count *de St. Eugene*, as a proper Match to retrieve the Splendor of his Fortune, without debasing the Dignity of his Family.

Hitherto the Count *de St. Eugene* had seen the Marquis *d'Anglure* in such a

Light as shewed only his predominant Passion of aggrandizing his Family. His Candour, Probity, and exact Regard to Honour in all his Proceedings, had so far conciliated his Esteem, that he publickly preferred him to all his Rivals, who were daily increasing, for the beautiful *Adelaide*. As a particular Favourite therefore, he was admitted to the House, and treated with that easiness and Freedom due to a Person who was soon to be one of the Family. He was almost daily at the Toilet, either of the Countess *de St. Eugene*, or that of her Daughter. But his Behaviour towards the latter did not so much resemble that of a passionate Lover, as of one who aims at nothing more than Esteem; possibly from a Conceit that he need not make use of any other Method to inspire warmer Sentiments. However he met with no other from *Adelaide* than those he seemed to aim at; she esteemed him and that was all.

Angelica, who was now become a polite Miss, never left *Adelaide* alone. She had in a few Months acquired a tolerable Skill in Music:

Musick: and her Beauty began to be taken Notice of. This Girl looked more favourably upon the Marquis than *Adelaide* did. The Blandishments she had practised on young *Cromstad* in private had been rejected with such Coldness, and even Disgust, that she was the more easily won by the Gallantries of which the Marquis *d'Anglure* was very profuse, when he chanced to meet her either alone or at his Mistress's Toilet. She had more than once observed, and her Vanity exulted at it, that the Marquis's Behaviour towards *Adelaide* was less free and gallant; and this was sufficient to turn the Head of so unexperienced a Girl; who being ignorant of the Dangers of such an unequal Intrigue, precipitately plunged herself into it. Tho' *Cromstad* was more reserved with *Adelaide* than the Marquis, his Confusion, and the Pleasure *Adelaide* took in conversing with him, had not escaped the envious *Angelica*; she judged of her Mistress's Heart by the Disposition she had first felt in her own for the Baron *de Cromstad*, and if her Suspicions did not extend to the Supposition of a criminal Com-

merce, she concluded at least there was a clandestine Intelligence betwixt them: But she dissembled a long Time in Expectation of an Opportunity, when her Malignity might declare itself with Success, and gratify at once both her Envy and Avarice; by affecting an inviolable Attachment to the Countess *de St. Eugene*, she had insinuated herself greatly into the Favour of this Lady, and thus her selfish Diffimulation was rewarded with sincere Kindness.

Such was as yet the State of the Family of the Count *de St. Eugene*, at the opening of the Campaign in 1676, that is about a Year and a half after his Return into *France*. *Cromstad* was one of the first in Readiness to set out for the Army in *Flanders*, under the Command of Marshal *Crequi*, who had taken him under his Protection, after the Death of Viscount *Turenne*, a Loss which all *France* had reason to lament.

I omitted to mention at *Cromstad's* Admission into the Count *de St. Eugene's* Retinue, that being born in *England*, and his
Mother

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Mother a *Calvinist*, he had imbibed the same Principles. The Count *de St. Eugene* being too much taken up with the weighty Affairs which depended on his Embassy, to attend to his Page's Conversion, recommended that Particular to the Governor of the Pages and the Chaplain, who were mildly to represent to him the most weighty Reasons for exchanging his pernicious Errors for the saving Truths of the Catholic Religion, without making use of any Compulsion, Menace, or Promise, from whence the Sincerity of his Conversion might be suspected; but *Cromstad*, tho' too young for religious Controversies, from the first Overture of such a Change, looked upon it as disgraceful, or at least as a Step, which every Person, not quite abandoned, ought well to consider, and that abstractedly from all worldly Motives. Being full of Gratitude and Respect for the Count *de St. Eugene*, and wishing, above all things, that his Duty could be reconciled to the Pleasure of his Benefactor, he applied himself, with indefatigable Assiduity, to acquire a thorough Knowledge of our Tenets, and accordingly

cordingly his Knowledge was convincing; but tho' he was resolved on the important Change, he found himself withheld by the Respect he bore to his Mother, whom he had acquainted with the Particulars of his Advancement, the Count's singular Kindness, his religious Scruples, Enquiry, and Conviction, on which he wished he could be more particular; however, her Answer on the last Head was so strong and pathetic, that it kept him in a very painful Suspence. Now, having taken Leave of the Count and Countess *de St. Eugene*, he went to *Adelaide*, his Eyes being red with the Tears he had shed, on taking his Leave of two Persons, of whom he had such an affectionate Regard.

“ What do I see ! my dear Baron, said
 “ *Adelaide* to him ; this did not use to be
 “ your Countenance when you were setting out for the Army : Such a Grief,
 “ continued she, being scarce able herself
 “ to refrain from Tears, is more becoming
 “ us under our Apprehensions for you in
 “ such a dangerous Station ; for the Bra-
 “ very

“very which I know you possess, will not
 “allow me to think that you are afraid to go
 “where Glory calls you, and to answer,
 “and even surpass my Father’s Recom-
 “mendations.”

“Tis surely enough, Madam, replied
 “*Cromstad*, to give me Pain when I am
 “going from the Count, the Countess, and
 “yourself. The Sentiment which gives rise
 “to my Tears is so just, and laudable, as
 “not to give Offence to the strictest Max-
 “ims of military Honour; but at the same
 “time I shall not scruple to disclose to
 “you a Weakness which has no less a
 “Share in these Tears, than my Attach-
 “ment to a Family to which I owe the
 “greatest Obligations.”

“What Weakness do you mean, *Crom-*
 “*stad*, interrupted *Adelaide* hastily. My
 “dear *Angelica*, continued she, leave us a
 “Moment.”

The three young People were led into
 different Mistakes by these last Words.

Angelica left the Room, fully persuaded of a private Amour between them, and that their Passions were too strong to be dissembled, even in her Presence, at the Instant of their Separation. *Adelaide* was apprehensive that *Cromstad* would break out into some indiscreet Declaration: And he mistook *Adelaide's* Emotion for a Sentiment very different from that which produced it. Yet his Fears were not the less of being charged with a failure in Respect, and to undeceive her he threw himself hastily at her Feet.

“ Ah, Madam, cried he, can you accuse the unhappy *Cromstad* of forgetting
 “ who he was, and by whom he has been
 “ raised, so far as to dare to aspire to you,
 “ and even of such an extravagant Presumption as to make known to you a
 “ Passion, or rather a Crime, which only
 “ my Death could expiate? No, Madam,
 “ this Weakness, which has so justly raised
 “ your Indignation against me, you must
 “ be acquainted with, and I will now
 “ confess it.”

“ Rise

“ Rise *Cromstad*, interrupted *Adelaide*,
 “ I was indeed in the wrong to send *Angelica*
 “ away, if it is she who throws you
 “ into this Disorder.”

“ How ! Madam, returned he, no ;
 “ *Angelica* has no Share in the Concern
 “ in which you see me. The Injustice of
 “ this last Suspicion, still adds to my
 “ Uneasiness.”

Indeed he was now so confused, he could no longer utter his Words ; he was seized with Paleness, and Trembling, which interrupted his Speech ; tho’ his Silence helped to recover *Adelaide*’s Spirits.

“ *Cromstad*, said she, with an Air which
 “ discover’d more of Tendernefs and Pity,
 “ than Disquietude or Anger, speak quickly, and ease your Mind of a Secret, at
 “ which I now tremble only for your
 “ Sake.”

“ Alas ; Madam, answered he, I have
 “ only to confess a Weakness at which I
 “ ought

" ought to blush in your Presence, if my
 " Grief were excited only by the Fear of
 " losing a Life, which I foresee is destined
 " to be inevitably miserable. The melan-
 " choly Apprehensions with which I set out
 " for the Army, are the Result of three suc-
 " cessive Dreams, which I had last Night.
 " I started from my Sleep several Times,
 " imagining myself weltering in my own
 " Blood, and at the Point of expiring ;
 " However I rose quite unconcerned, nor
 " did it in the least affect me, till the very
 " Instant I was taking my Leave of the
 " Count and Countess, when the same Idea
 " so strongly impressed my Spirits and
 " Imagination, that I seemed convinced I
 " was taking my last Farewel. The Force
 " of this Impulse redoubled at my appear-
 " ing before you, and I am under an ir-
 " resistable Persuasion that this is the last
 " Time I shall have the Happiness of
 " seeing you."

Here *Cromstad* again remained Speech-
 less, and *Adelaide* herself lost all her
 Resolution. They now both wept, and
 their

their frequent Sighs seemed to deprive them entirely of the Power of Speech. *Cromstad* would have departed, but could not leave *Adelaide* under so melancholy an Impression. However, observing her Countenance to put on a more pleasing Air, he, after some Conflict with himself, offer'd to leave the Room, but *Adelaide* prevented him.

“ Stay *Cromstad*, said she, you have
“ thrown me into a very violent Disorder,
“ Tho’ I am far from entertaining either
“ Hopes or Fears from such uncertain Pre-
“ sages as Dreams, yet I join in your Weak-
“ ness the more cordially, as, besides
“ your Departure, which gives the whole
“ Family Uneasiness, I labour under ano-
“ ther Sort of Concern, with regard to a
“ Danger of far worse Consequence to you
“ than that of War. Heaven is Witness
“ to my secret Prayers, my Tears, my
“ Anguish for your wavering in the most
“ momentous of all Concerns, that of Re-
“ ligion. Why, *Cromstad*, can you think
“ of setting out, and even under such a
“ shocking

“ shocking Prefage, without giving your
“ Friends the Satisfaction to know that you
“ have sought the only true Refuge against
“ a Misery infinitely exceeding the Loss of
“ Life. It is not to any Influence I may
“ have over you, it is to your own Con-
“ viction or to divine Illumination, that I
“ would be indebted for this happy Change,
“ on which your eternal Welfare de-
“ pends.”

“ Enough, Madam, replied *Cromstad*,
“ with more Chearfulness, my Resistance
“ indeed, could I any longer think it war-
“ rantable, had not given way to your
“ Influence over me, great as it is; but you
“ have now overcome a natural Considera-
“ tion, which has hitherto suspended my
“ Resolution. It is, Madam, resolved upon;
“ before I set out I will embrace that Holy
“ Religion you profess. I have studied it,
“ I have examined it, I have been con-
“ vinced by it, I believe it, and it is, with
“ the most sensible Joy, and unbiaſſed
“ Choice, that I now make my first Pro-
“ fession of it at your Feet”.

Accord-

Accordingly he was throwing himself at her Feet, when the Countess *de St. Eugene* came into her Daughter's Apartment, which was contiguous to her own; whither *Angelica* had hastened with a sullen Air, upon *Adelaide's* desiring her to quit her Chamber, and the Countess observing her frowning Countenance, asked what had put her out of Temper? This was a welcome Question to *Angelica*, who answered, "Nothing Madam, but my young Lady turned me out of the Room, in order to be alone with *M. Cromstad*."

These Words alarmed the Countess, so that ordering *Angelica* to stay behind her, she sprung into her Daughter's Apartment, the very Instant that *Cromstad* was fallen at her Feet. *Adelaide*, on seeing her, ran towards her, and embracing her, said; "Oh! my dear Mamma, what a happy Conquest have I just now compleated! *M. Cromstad* owns the sacred Truths of our Religion, and will not set out till he has made a public Profession of it."

"How,

“How, Daughter, answered the Countess, did this private Conference turn only on Controversy? If so, methinks, *Angelica* might as well have been admitted to be present.”

“It is true, replied *Adelaide*, I desired her to leave us a while by ourselves; but, Madam, you shall be truly informed of my Reasons for desiring her Absence.” Accordingly she repeated the whole of what had passed betwixt *Cromstad* and her; not so much as concealing her Disorder, occasioned by the ambiguous Word Weakness; her Fear lest *Cromstad* should so far forget himself, as to shew, even before *Angelica*, a Presumption which she was thoroughly determined to discourage. She also acquainted her with *Cromstad*’s ominous Prepossession, and how she had improved it to inspire him with religious Apprehensions; and lastly, of the fervent Confession which *Cromstad* was going to make, conjuring her Mother that she would go with her to the Count her Father, to inform him of this happy Event,

Event, and desired that *Cromstad* might not set out, till he had properly ratified the Engagement he had made at her Feet, as she at last had turned the Scale. *Cromstad*, upon his Knees, added his Instances to those of *Adelaide*, which so affected the Countess, that she embraced both him and her Daughter, with equal Warmth and Affection, and all three returned through her Apartment, where *Angelica* was impatiently waiting the Issue of her information. The Countess, who had taken a great liking to this Girl, was unwilling to mortify her openly; but however ordered her to follow them into the Count's Apartment, in order to give her a better Opinion of the private Conversation between her young Lady and the Baron. The Count was at first surprized, to see his Lady, his Daughter, *Cromstad*, and *Angelica* hurrying into his Closet; but on hearing the Cause, he even wept for Joy, and his latent Concern for young *Cromstad*'s Welfare, shewed itself in the most passionate Embraces, and rapturous Expressions;

sions ; at last, his Transport of Affection subsiding, he immediately gave Orders to make the necessary Preparations for the solemn Ceremony, which, three Days after, was performed in the most affecting and unexceptionable Manner, the whole Family attending, and testifying their Joy, as the Baron had endeared himself to the Domestics of all ranks ; *Angelica*, alone, in the Bitterness of her meaner Heart, could harbour a Suspicion that these awful Professions might be only the Impulse of an interested Passion. The next Day *Cromstad* set out, after many Carresses and Liberalities from the Count and Countess ; even *Adelaide*, in the Presence of her noble Parents, did not fail of expressing herself in Terms of the highest Esteem. Her open and candid Heart, as it detested Dissimulation, so neither could it conceal its honest Emotions.

Cromstad was very expeditious on the Road to the Army, which was then commanded by the Duke of *Orleans*, the King's Brother,

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Brother, having under him Marshal *Crequi*, and reach'd his Regiment by the Beginning of *March*, 1676. We will now leave him, active in the Pursuit of Glory, under the Eye of the King himself, who came in Person to the Siege of *Conde*, and afterwards in the Army of the brave Marshal *d'Humières*, where we shall find him in the Sequel of this History.

Cromstad was no sooner departed than the artful *Angelica* endeavour'd by all possible Means to make her young Lady forget her Indiferetion, who retained not the least Resentment or Remembrance of it. She afterwards employed herself in endeavouring to discover the secret Sentiments of *Adelaide*, talking to her often of *Cromstad*, and magnifying the Joy and Pleasure she might justly feel at his having, as she insisted, sacrificed to her the Heresy in which he had been educated. But the less *Adelaide* arrogated to herself the Honour of such a Conversion, the more *Angelica* privately accused her of Hypocrisy, and of artfully concealing her Sentiments, judging of her

Lady,

Lady, by what she had felt herself, and which perhaps had not been totally effaced by the Impressions which the Gallantries of the Marquis d'Anglure had made upon her.

Angelica's Malevolence was not satisfied with these private Suspicions of *Adelaide's* Sincerity; she was for spreading them where their Effects might produce the most Mischief; and accordingly the Domesticks, to whom she used often to tell many of her Fictions with an Air of deep Concern, soon furnished her an Opportunity of communicating them to the Marquis d'Anglure.

It is well known that Valets often prove very dangerous Confidants; those of the Marquis d'Anglure had already been informed by their Companions belonging to the Count's Family, that *Cramstad* was in love with *Adelaide*, and that she countenanced his Addresses; and they had the Assurance to report it to their Master as a certain Truth. Soon after the Absence of the Count and Countess de St. Eugene and their Daughter, upon a Party of Pleasure,

gave

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gave the Marquis *d'Anglure* an Opportunity of being in private with *Angelica*, and to her, the long-wish'd for Moment of instilling into the Heart of the Marquis all the Poison of her Surmises, which she enforced by many little Falshoods of her own Invention. This private Meeting between the Marquis *d'Anglure* and *Angelica* began with the usual Gallantries and complimental Nonsense, on the Vivacity of her Eyes, the Beauty of her Shape, and the Charms of her Voice. A Person of his Experience could not be long before he perceived that his Praises began to take Effect, and he thought he might be welcome to use some Freedoms with a young Country Girl, whom he perceived to be intoxicated with his Encomiums; but *Angelica* briskly pushed him from her, saying, "I would have you know, my Lord, that you shall observe the same Decorum with me as with your *Paris Belles*. No, no, I am not to be caught so. Is not there my Lady, my charming young Lady?" — As I hope to be saved, interrupted the Marquis, I like you infinitely better.

"Do

“Do you indeed? replied *Angelica*;
 “but do you think that I am so very
 “stupid as to believe your fine Speeches?
 “This is exactly like that pretty Fellow
 “*Gromstad*: He was for saying a great
 “many soft Things to me; but, tho’ only
 “a Country Girl, I could easily perceive
 “that was but a Blind to conceal a higher
 “Intrigue. He is a sly one, and tho’ he
 “came at first into the Family as a Ser-
 “vant, he does not think the Count’s only
 “Daughter above him.”

“What do you say, replied the Marquis,
 “who, as we before observed, had not a
 “very high Opinion of the Virtue of Wo-
 “men; Does that Spark pretend to your
 “Lady? That would be very strange
 “indeed: My Fellows insinuated some
 “such Thing; but I looked upon it only
 “as an idle Story.”

“Ah truly, said she, but I know more
 “upon that Head than you and all your
 “Fellows; but whatever I know I shall
 “keep to myself; for should I make you
 “acquainted

“acquainted with it, you would immediately go and question my young Lady about it, and then what could I expect, but to be scolded, and sent back to my Mother, with whom I would not be obliged to live again for all the Gold in the World?”

“Hark’e, my dear *Angelica*, said the Marquis, for my Part I never laid any Strefs upon the Truth of Women; and I frankly own it does not greatly affect me, for I am very indifferent about it; but as for my Discretion, which you seem to suspect, you may depend upon it, I love you too well to expose you to any Danger: Be satisfied then that whatever Information you give me it shall remain in my Breast an inviolable Secret. Here, continued he, receive this Brace of *Louis* and a Kiss to ratify my Promise of perpetual Secrecy. And now declare it all, for perhaps the Discovery may be of as much Advantage to yourself as to me.”

“Oh,

“ Oh, my Lord, replied *Angelica*, receiving, without any great Difficulty, both the Proposals and Ratifications; it is true, you do me a great deal of Honour, and are vastly kind; but then should this reach Lady *Adelaide's* Ears, consider what will become of me. Swear then that you will never give her the least Hint of it.”

“ I do swear, answered the Marquis, that I will not do, or say any thing; which may tend to bring you into Disgrace with her,”

“ Well, continued *Angelica*, I believe I may now disclose the whole Affair to you.” Accordingly she proceeded to relate at large all her jealous Observations, not only painting in the most malicious Colours the beforementioned Interview between *Adelaide* and *Gromstad*, with the suspicious Circumstance of her being sent out of the Room; to which she added many unjust Insinuations of her own Invention. She told him that her Gratitude to that noble Family would not permit her to rest till she had

had informed the Countess of her Daughter's shameful Indiscretion; and that by her Intelligence she surprized the young Lady with *Cromstad* at her Feet, and intimated to him, that in order to avert the ill Consequence of such a Discovery, *Adelaide's* Invention had stood her in good Stead, by covering their Intrigue with the Veil of Religion; and *Cromstad* to confirm this Deceit, had made a publick Abjuration of his Heresy: Concluding with some Strictures on other Parts of her Lady's Character. The Purity of her Virtue, and the Excellence of her Disposition, were too well known to be openly attacked; but by attributing to her a great deal of Art and Dissimulation, she raised a Suspicion in the Marquis, that *Adelaide* might be cunning enough to put on a forced Behaviour to a Man whose Wife she expected to be.

They were both warm upon this Topic when the Countess's Woman came to inform the Marquis that she was return'd with her Daughter. The Marquis hereupon went to meet them, and *Adelaide* made

D

it

it her first Concern to go and embrace *Angelica*, and make her a Present of a beautiful Piece of Silk, which she had bought for her. *Angelica's* Confusion at this Present, deliver'd in so affectionate a Manner, was favourably interpreted by the amiable *Adelaide*; but this malicious Creature was not susceptible of any such noble Sentiment. On the Contrary, she imagined this Generosity of her young Lady, was only a Bribe to secure her Secrecy, with Regard to what had happened between her and *Cromstad*. It is true, this had really been the Design of the Countess, who, alarmed at *Angelica's* Indiscretion by the Account she had given of it, thought it a Point of Prudence, without letting her Daughter know her Meaning, to put her upon making this Present to her Foster-Sister, and to shew her still greater Kindness. The Count *de St. Eugene* returned some few Minutes after, with whom the *Marquis d'Anglure* supped, in Company with several other Persons of Distinction. *Cromstad's* Conversion engross'd a great deal of the Talk; and here *Adelaide's* open Temper led her to join in the Discourse

course with uncommon Joy. The Marquis observing it, affirmed, that the whole Honour belonged to her, and then rallied her on her pretended Apostleship. This she sustained with that Air of Freedom and Cheerfulness, which is so pleasing an Ornament to Innocence, and its natural Concomitant. The Marquis at that Time did not push the Matter farther; but was convinced that *Angelica's* Intelligence, with Regard to a secret Intrigue between *Adelaide* and *Cromstad*, was true.

However injurious the Idea was which the Marquis *d'Anglure* had conceived of *Adelaide*, the Desire of clearing the Embarrassments of his Family was too strong in him to drop the Design of marrying her; especially as numberless Instances shew'd, that Esteem was not always the Basis of Marriage; tho' the Concern was so weighty, he even flattered himself that he could keep a young Wife under such Controul, as not to be apprehensive of her Misbehaviour; or if she aimed at any such Thing, he could easily reduce her to order. In fine, he con-

tinued to scrutinize into *Adelaide's* Heart, and improved every Opportunity to carry on a secret Intelligence with *Angelica*. He hoped too, that this Girl might be brought to make him amends, in some Measure, for the Indifference of her Lady; or at least that she would prove a vigilant Spy on her Behaviour.

Thus Matters stood, when the King set out to be present at the Siege of *Conde*, which the Marquis *de Crequi* had begun. The Marquis *d'Anglure* was obliged to attend the King into *Flanders*, and upon taking Leave of *Adelaide*, he asked her, between jest and earnest, if she had no Commands to the Baron *de Cromstad*, who was upon Duty in the Marshal's Army? *Adelaide*, who had no Idea of the Marquis's Suspicions, answered with her natural Frankness, which is too often a dangerous Virtue, "Alas! I had forgot him. Put him in Mind of acting up to his Duty, of taking care of himself, and never forgetting our last Interview. And pray assure him,

“him, added she, that his safe Return will
“give me infinite Pleasure.”

The Marquis turned Pale at hearing this, tho’ the Countess *de St. Eugene* was present. However in his Confusion he was so discreet as to withdraw, assuring *Adelaide*, that he would punctually execute her Orders. It gave him no great Uneasiness on Account of any Love he had for this Lady, her Fortune being the chief Motive of his Addresses; but his Vanity could not bear a Rival; and unluckily for his exact Prudence, this Virtue failed him for once, in discoursing with the Count *de St. Eugene*, who sent after him, as he was leaving the House, desiring him to step back a Moment.

“Marquis, says the Count, I had forgot to desire you, when you arrive in
“Flanders, to make some Enquiries concerning *Cromstad*. You know he is a
“young Man, whom I introduced into
“the Army, and who shall never want
“my Patronage upon his good Behaviour.

"You will be pleased to let me know upon
 "what Terms he stands, and recommend
 "him to the Generals."

"My Lord, replied the Marquis, whom
 "*Adelaide's* Compliment to *Cromstad* had
 "already nettled, I can tell you News of
 "him without going so far. *Cromstad* is
 "an insolent Upstart, from whom, pro-
 "bably, you will meet with but a very in-
 "different Return for all your Favours."

"What do you mean?" replied the
 "Count, with great Emotion. "I mean, Sir,
 "continued *d'Anglure*, that your Baron *de*
 "*Cromstad*, as he is called, for if the
 "Truth was known, possibly he may be
 "only a Baron of the Lord knows what,
 "has very aspiring Thoughts; nothing less
 "than your Daughter is thought a proper
 "Object for his Addressee."

"Ah! Marquis, answered the Count,
 "be careful of giving Credit to such a
 "scandalous Falsity. Would to God I
 "knew

"knew the Inventor of it: For this is
 "planting Daggers in my Heart."

"And in mine too, replied the Marquis.

"And 'tis with the deepest Concern that I

"divulge to you such a Secret. Nor should

"I ever have proceeded so far, were I not

"sure that it has been long talked of in

"your Family. But, do not imagine that

"I harbour the least Suspicion that the

"young Lady would countenance any thing

"so disgraceful to her Family: No! think

"rather that I have been imposed upon.

"Perhaps I have indeed been deceived.

"I fear I have said too much---- Forgive

"me ---- Forget every Word I have said

"---- Forget me myself ---- I am a Dupe,

"----an Ass! and I detest my very self."

The Marquis indeed went away enraged almost to Madness against himself, and full of Sorrow, for having thrown the Count into such a Disorder, and disclosed a Secret the Horror of which was unknown to him.

The Count *de St. Eugene*, being left alone, all the Sentiments of paternal Tenderness, alarmed by a Sense of the most terrible Consequences, distracted his Thoughts.

“ Alas ! said he to himself, I am charge-
“ able with all this Guilt. ’Tis entirely
“ owing to my fatal Imprudence, my timo-
“ rous Discretion, and my own Deviation
“ from Virtue. These poor Children have
“ been misled by a Tenderness which arose
“ from the Impulse of Nature ; and which
“ may, by Time, and further Conversation,
“ be increased to a violent Passion. Alas !
“ They see nothing but Innocence in it ;
“ but their Ignorance cannot clear it from
“ the Stain of unnatural Guilt.”

He was for a long Time agitated with such tormenting Thoughts ; but as he always carefully avoided questioning his Servants against his Children, he took the wisest Measures, which, in such a Disorder, Prudence could suggest to him. With Regard to his Daughter, he feigned himself entirely ignorant of the Marquis’s Information ; but frequently

frequently founded her Affections, by often mentioning *Cromstad* in their private Conversations, but however as accidentally, and without any shew of Suspicion; in which Candour joined without the least reserve: But towards the Baron, his Proceedings were very different; he resolved to write to him; for having an high Opinion, and indeed deservedly, of the Goodness of his Heart, he hoped his Answer would contain Motives for farther Favours, or Reasons for taking new Measures with him. The Letter was as follows :

“ *My dear Cromstad,*

“ **S**INCE my Last, the Departure of
 “ the King, which was not as yet ex-
 “ pected, obliges the Marquis *d’Anglure* to
 “ attend his Majesty. --- On his taking
 “ Leave of me Yesterday, I desired him to
 “ recommend you to the General Officers,
 “ in which I make Doubt of his sincere
 “ Compliance. But I cannot conceal from
 “ you that he informed me, to my Grief
 “ and Surprize, of some Reports relating

"to you, at which his Affection for my
 "Daughter, and the just Hopes he has of
 "marrying her, have been not a little di-
 "sturbed. I cannot think you so rash and
 "ungrateful as to have offered Love to
 "Adelaide. And let me tell you, that such a
 "Presumption in you would be more crimi-
 "nal than it is possible for you at present
 "to conceive, but whatever be the Disposi-
 "tion of your Heart, I expect to be in-
 "formed of it by your own Hand. Let
 "this Mark of my Confidence farther con-
 "vince you of the Tenderneſs and Regard
 "which I always had, and ſtill profeſs to
 "have, and hope it will not be diminiſhed
 "by the Contents of your Answer, which
 "I expect without Delay.

"The Count de St. Eugene."

This Letter was ſent a Day before the
 Departure of the Marquis d'Anglure, who
 that very Evening attended the King; and
 it reached *Cromſat* the Evening before that
 Monarch's Arrival at the Army.

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He must be a Stranger to human Nature, who cannot imagine what a Shock this Letter gave to the unfortunate *Cromstad*. Tho' conscious of the secret Impression which *Adelaide's* Charms had made, he could not reproach himself with any Indiscretion, whereby it might have taken Air. It is true, he remembered his Grief, Confusion, and the Word Weakness, which had escaped him in his last Interview with that amiable Person; but he had so explicitly cleared up to her the Rise and Nature of that Weakness, that he could not conceive that the charming *Adelaide* could retain any Suspicion or Uneasiness with regard to that Circumstance. Yet he was satisfied in himself that it must be she alone who could reveal such a Surmise to the Marquis *d' Anglure*. And this gave him the utmost Torture, to think that she herself had made use of the Marquis to prejudice his sole Benefactor, the Count *de St. Eugene*, against him. Amidst all the afflicting Ideas which crowded upon poor *Cromstad*, on reading this Letter, he still determined to be punctually sincere in his Answer, which in deference

to

to the Count *de St. Eugene's* Expectations,
he sent away the very first Opportunity.

Honour'd Sir,

“**N**O Trial can be so severe to my
“Heart, as that which you now
“exact from it. Yet, amidst all my Dis-
“order, I am certain I shall clear myself
“in your Esteem, tho’ it may draw on
“me the worst of Misfortunes, the Loss
“of your Protection. I will lay open to
“you, Sir, my whole Heart; but permit
“me previously to assure you with all that
“Sincerity of which I am going to give
“you the most dangerous, and, at the
“same Time, most delicate Proof: Per-
“mit me, I say, to assure you that this
“Heart was never presumptuous, and that
“it is incapable of Ingratitude. After
“this Assurance I own to you, Sir, that
“the Heart of the unfortunate *Cromstad*
“has been too sensible of the Charms,
“but much more the Accomplishments
“and Virtues, of the beautiful *Adelaide*.
“Alas, Sir, how could it be otherwise
“with a Person daily beholding and daily
“con-

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“conversing with her? But you are too
 “just to confound a Passion, which is out
 “of our Power, with the Crime of de-
 “claring it. Had my Presumption been
 “such, I should have prevented your
 “Reproaches in the Punishment of it.
 “You are the first, and only Person on
 “the Earth who has been able to extort
 “from me a Secret which I have so long
 “struggled to repress and conceal, even
 “from my very self. Whether, instiga-
 “ted by Calumny or Suspicion, the Mar-
 “quis *d’Anglure* has taken this cruel
 “Method to prejudice me, he might have
 “harboured the same Thoughts of every
 “one who has had the Happiness of see-
 “ing, and conversing with that young
 “Lady, and might have expostulated with
 “Rivals who were more proper Objects
 “of his Jealousy. In a Word, Sir, I
 “know that it is above the Obscurity of
 “my Birth to aspire to the Count
 “*de St. Eugene’s* Daughter, with any
 “Views or Hopes of being accepted
 “by her; but I know that my Heart will
 “never desist from the purest Respect,
“and

"and most affectionate Adoration. This
 "I am too sensible is pronouncing the
 "Sentence of my own Banishment; and
 "I not only expect it, but even request
 "it of you. Such a Confession, Sir, ex-
 "cludes me for ever from your Presence,
 "and I should be still more confounded
 "to appear again before the charming
 "*Adelaide*. I hope, Sir, that the Vigour
 "with which the Siege is carrying on,
 "will anticipate, by a glorious Death,
 "the Anguish which your Answer will
 "bring with it: But give me leave to add,
 "and with the same Truth which runs
 "thro' all this Letter, that I shall die full
 "of the Zeal, the Gratitude, and Re-
 "spect, due to the most generous Man and
 "kindest Benefactor.

I am, &c.

From the Camp before
 Conde, April 26th.

CROMSTAD.

The King had reached *Conde* before
 this Letter came to Count *de St. Eugene's*
 Hands. Tho' it affected him so as to draw
 a Flood of Tears from his Eyes, he con-
 cealed

concealed his Emotions from his Family. If *Cromstad's* Confession on the one Hand excited terrible Ideas, he was pleased on the other with the Truth, Frankness, Bravery, and noble Sentiments of a Son who had always been extremely dear to him. He indulged and dwelt on the Delight of finding him so worthy of being his Child in a more lawful Manner. But one Thing lay very heavy on his Mind, which was the mentioning the *Marquis d'Anglure* in his Letter. He was too late aware of the Danger of his Interview with *Cromstad*, well knowing that the latter would naturally think himself greatly injured, and as naturally carry his Resentment to Extremity. As the Delicacy and Valour of these two young Persons were well known to him, he blamed himself in the severest Manner for bringing them together, that being no less than to provoke them to a Duel. Accordingly we shall soon see that such was the Issue of their Meeting.

Upon the King's Arrival on the twenty fifth before *Conde*, there was a vast Course.

course of Officers to pay their Duty to their Sovereign. *Cromstad* chiefly sought the Marquis *d'Anglure*, and soon found him out among the Courtiers; who upon seeing *Cromstad*, said, "Baron, I have some good News for you, let me see you this Evening at my Quarters." "I have also some for you, answered he, and I will not fail of being with you as soon as the King is withdrawn." *Cromstad* was very punctual, but finding Company with him, he treated him with all the Respect due to his Title and Rank. However the Conversation becoming general, and without any Appearance, of breaking up, *Cromstad* grew impatient. "Sir, said he to the Marquis, pulling a Paper out of his Pocket, I have something here to communicate to you, which may require Expedition." "And I, my dear Baron, replied the Marquis, have something of the same Nature to tell you." Upon these Hints all the Company arose, and they were left by themselves.

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“I conclude, said the Marquis, that it
 “was your Impatience to hear something
 “of the charming *Adelaide*, which inspired
 “you with a Thought to rid us of these un-
 “seasonable Guests. True, Sir, answered
 “*Cromstad*, she is the very Person about
 “whom I would speak to you. Well, con-
 “tinued the Marquis, you may be perfectly
 “easy, Lady *Adelaide* is as well as possible,
 “as handsome as when you left her, and
 “among many other fine Things she de-
 “sired me particularly to tell you, that she
 “begs you would never forget your last
 “Conversation with her.”--“No, no, said
 “*Cromstad*, that I never shall. But, Sir,
 “that is not the Matter, be so kind as to
 “read that Letter, I suppose you are no
 “Stranger to the Hand and Signature.”
 Delivering him at the same Time the Count
de St. Eugene’s Letter, which he had re-
 ceived the Evening before,

“Well, said the Marquis very gayly,
 “after reading it, do you expect any Ecclair-
 “cissement from me upon this Subject?”

“Sir,

“ Sir, replied *Cromstad*, my first Desire
“ is, that you would inform me, who was
“ your Author, with relation to my sup-
“ posed Passion for the Count *de St. Eu-*
“ *gene's* Daughter? Is it she herself, Sir,
“ who has given you such a strange Infor-
“ mation?”

“ No certainly, said the Marquis, but
“ do not expect that I shall ever inform
“ you from whom I have the Secret of
“ your clandestine Pretensions to her.”

“ Enough, said *Cromstad*, for indeed
“ what brought me here was to require Sa-
“ tisfaction for the Injury you have done
“ me, by drawing from me the Confession I
“ have made to the Count *de St. Eugene*,
“ and consequently his Resentment, which
“ Misfortune is to me the most terrible.
“ Nay, more, the indecent Terms you
“ presume to use are an Affront to his
“ Daughter, and it is no less on her Ac-
“ count than my own that I demand Satis-
“ faction.”

“ Ah,

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" Ah, with all my Heart, my dear Baron, replied the Marquis, let us away.
 " And as you are better acquainted here than I, lead on to a Place where the
 " Affair may be decided without Interruption. I am not only ready to give you
 " Satisfaction, but may, with an equal
 " Right, set up for *Adelaide's* Champion;
 " for I was never unwilling to pay these
 " Demands on Sight."

Accordingly these animated Rivals hastened to the Backside of the Camp, where they engaged for some Time with equal Skill and Valour; till *Cromstad* wounded the Marquis in the Right Arm, which obliged him to drop his Sword. *Cromstad* eagerly took it up, but it was only in order to return it to the Marquis, offering and exciting him to Revenge. The Marquis was so affected with *Cromstad's* Generosity that he answered, " No, Baron, my Life is
 " in your Hands, nor will I ever make any
 " further Attempt against a Person of your
 " generous Courage. You are a brave Man,
 " and I shall ever esteem you. Let us
 " hence-

“henceforth be Friends.” *Cromstad*, who had an exceeding Softness of Temper, embraced his Antagonist, and accompanied him to his Quarters, where he would willingly have comply’d with the Marquis’s Request, to spend some Part of the Night, had he not been called to the Attack of a Work, where he had obtained Leave to act as a Voluntier. The Assault was sharp, and of a long Continuance; but at last the Work was carried, and the uninterrupted, Vigour of the Siege obliged *Conde* to surrender to the King in six Days. Tho’ *Cromstad* served in the Horse, he was desirous of distinguishing himself on all Opportunities, and his good Fortune was hitherto equal to his Courage; for he came off without receiving any Wound.

The End of the First Part.

THE
FORCE
OF
EDUCATION:

PART II.

... followed by that of ...
... the Regiment in which
... served ...
... the Marshal ...
... Our young Officer maintained his
... the Wages of ... and at the
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THE
FORCE
OF
EDUCATION.

PART II.

The Art of the First Part.



THE
FORCE
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EDUCATION.

PART II.



HE taking of *Conde* being soon followed by that of *Bouchain*, the Regiment in which *Cromstad* served was sent to reinforce the *Marshal d'Humières*. Our young Officer maintained his Reputation at the *Siege of Aire*, and at the taking of the Fort of *Lintz*, accompanying afterwards the *Marshal* to *Maestricht*, which

which the Prince of *Orange* had besieged for above six Weeks. Here it was that the Baron *de Cromstad*, commanding a Detachment to reconnoitre the Position of the Prince of *Orange's* Army, in his Return, fell into an Ambuscade, and was attacked by a Party greatly superior to his in Number. Each Side exerted themselves like experienced and intrepid Soldiers; and tho' *Cromstad* was wounded in the Thigh, his Presence of Mind was not in the least disorder'd, either by the Pain of the Wound or Loss of Blood; for he conducted his Retreat to the Army of the Marshal *d'Humières*, with so much Firmness and Sagacity, that only three of his Detachment were missing, notwithstanding the Loss of the Enemy amounted to above Forty. He had no sooner reached the Camp, than he was for making an immediate Report; but the Marshal observing that he was extremely pale and weakened, insisted on his Wound being first dress'd: Nor would he hear a Word from him till that was performed. His Life was not endangered by his Wound, but a Lameness was apprehended,

hended, because the principal Muscles had been greatly hurt.

Let us now leave *Cromstad* to the Care of the Surgeon, and the particular Regards of his General : Let us also leave the Marshal himself, who a few Days after acquired immortal Honour in forcing the Prince of *Orange* to raise the Siege of *Maestricht*, fifty Days after he had invested it ; that we may return to what more immediately concerns us, the Consequences of the Duel between the Baron *de Cromstad* and the Marquis *d'Anglure*, with Regard to the Count *de St. Eugene* and his Family.

The two generous Antagonists had reciprocally promised to keep this Affair a Secret, and it was only the Apprehension of prejudicing *Cromstad*, with Regard to the Count *de St. Eugene*, which induced the Marquis *d'Anglure* to make this Promise to a Person, by whom he would not have been ashamed to own he had been worsted. But such Transactions as these can hardly ever be prevented from taking Air, especially in an Army, before which as it were,

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this had been decided. *Cromstad* had been seen at the Marquis's Quarters; it was known that they went out by themselves; and tho' the Marquis *d'Anglure's* Wound was but slight, it kept him at Home for a few Days: Besides some Soldiers had perceived in the Dark two Men fighting. Here was sufficient room for Conjecture; but no Person was base enough to carry this Report to the Royal Ear, and a pretended Indisposition seemed at first to have freed the Marquis *d'Anglure* from all Suspicion; but the Mischief was, that both in the Court and the Army the Marquis had more than one Rival, whose Jealousies were exasperated by the Preference he had obtained. Besides the Count *de St. Eugene's* Affection for the Baron *de Cromstad* was publickly known; and these were doubtless the two Motives which prompted an envious Rival of the Marquis *d'Anglure*, to inform the Count *de St. Eugene*, by an anonymous Letter, of the Duel betwixt him and *Cromstad*. The Marquis keeping at Home for some Days offered them a fair Pretence to report that he had been dangerously wounded; and in order

order to flatter the Count's Tenderness for *Cromstad*, it was added, that the latter had behaved with his usual Alacrity and Courage on all Occasions.

Cromstad's Letter had not reached the Count *de St. Eugene* above three Days, so that as yet he had not sent away his Answer, when he received the anonymous Letter, in which he found the Particulars of an unfortunate Action, which he had but too plainly foreseen, and which affected him the more deeply, as he, with some Colour of Justice, charged it on himself. However, finding himself agitated by various Passions, and inclined to severe Reproaches, he wisely for the present forbore writing to *Cromstad*, being unwilling to believe that he deserved them. The Goodness and Generosity of the Count *de St. Eugene* would not permit him to say any Thing harsh of any Person, while it was in any Degree uncertain whether or not that Person might deserve it: And from the Contents of the Letter, he was assured that *Cromstad* had behaved, in every Respect, like a Man of Spirit and Ho-

nour. In fine, the Count carefully concealed this melancholy Intelligence from his Family, and having a great Opinion of the Marquis *d'Anglure's* Frankness and Veracity, he wrote to him the following Letter:

My dear Marquis,

“ I Have this Instant received a strange
 “ Kind of Letter, which, tho’ anony-
 “ mous, gives me very great Uneasiness.
 “ I desire that, without Delay, you will send
 “ me an Account how it is with you;
 “ for my Concern is not to be removed by
 “ any other Hand. Nor is this all. I fur-
 “ ther expect from your Friendship a pre-
 “ cise Detail of every Circumstance. I do
 “ not write to the Baron *de Cromstad*,
 “ tho’ I have determin’d on such an An-
 “ swer to his Letter, as I believe he little
 “ expects; but if you see him, use him in
 “ my Name, as you think he deserves. I
 “ wait your Answer, that I may the bet-
 “ ter know how to write to him,

“ I am, &c.”

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The Marquis *d'Anglure* was entirely recover'd of his Wound when he received this Letter. *Conde* having surrendered, Preparations were making to invest *Bonchain*. He did not think proper to acquaint the Baron *de Cromstad* of the Letter he had received, lest he should challenge the Promise they had reciprocally made of never disclosing their Adventure, and endeavour to constrain him in his Answer to the Count; but as their Duel was known to him, he thought himself no longer under any Restraint to keep a Secret which was already so well known, and which gave so great Uneasiness to the generous Count. Accordingly he wrote him the following Answer:

My Lord,

" IT was great Indiscretion to alarm you
 " on Account of my Wound, which
 " was so slight, that I did not keep my
 " Chamber above three Days. With Re-
 " gard to the Causes and Particulars of
 " it, all that I really can, or ought, to
 " inform you of, is, that I brought it up-

“ on myself. If the Baron *de Cromstad*
 “ had any Part in it, he first acted the
 “ Man of Honour, and afterwards the
 “ most tender and obliging Friend. I can
 “ never sufficiently commend either the
 “ Goodness or Nobleness of his Heart;
 “ and it is to these his extraordinary Qua-
 “ lities that I owe my Life, and the Ho-
 “ nour I now have of assuring you of my
 “ Respects, &c.”

This Letter gave the Count *de St. Eu-
 gene* inconceivable Satisfaction, and in the
 Height of Transport, he wrote to *Crom-
 stad* in the following Terms :

My dear Cromstad,

“ IF my Answer has been delayed some
 “ Days, it ought not to give you any
 “ Surprize. The Contents of your Let-
 “ ter were of such a Nature as to require
 “ of me the maturest Reflection. Such
 “ an Acknowledgment as you make would
 “ greatly disquiet me, if it came from any
 “ other but yourself; but your Gratitude
 “ and Probity make me entirely easy. And
 “ till I see sufficient Reason to the contra-
 “ ry,

“ry, I shall still continue to place an en-
 “tire Dependance on your good Conduct.
 “It is with the most lively Satisfaction
 “that I hear of your gallant Behaviour,
 “and that you eminently distinguished
 “yourself at the Siege of *Conde*. The
 “Marquis *d’Anglure* himself mentions,
 “in the most honourable Terms, your
 “Courage and Virtue. He is a Friend,
 “he is even a Patron, whose Esteem
 “by all Means I desire you to cultivate.
 “Let him know that I most affectionately
 “remember him. Whatever Assistance of
 “any Kind you may stand in need of,
 “freely inform me, and rely on my
 “Friendship.”

The Count *de St. Eugene* was indeed
 charmed with the Esteem which the Mar-
 quis *d’Anglure* had conceived for his be-
 loved *Cromstad*, whom he now began to
 look upon as still more worthy of his own
 Regards. Nor was he a little pleased with
 himself, on Account of his own Prudence,
 in not having given the least Intimation
 to his Family of the unjust Suspicions
 which had been suggested to him, nor of
 the Affair between the Marquis and *Crom-*

stad. He flattered himself that it would remain in eternal Oblivion, but every one was not bless'd with his Discretion. It was very natural to think that the Marquis *d'Anglure's* Domestics should know that their Lord had been wounded on the very Day he reach'd the Army. They saw their Master and *Cromstad* go out by themselves, *Cromstad* alone returned with him, and from some Words which passed betwixt them, tho' broken and ambiguous, they gathered that they had been fighting, and they were at no Loss to discover from what Source the Quarrel proceeded. It has already been observed that the Marquis received the first Informations on that Head, of what was reported in the Count's Family, from his own Domestics.

Soon after, an Affair of great Importance obliged the Marquis to send one of his Servants to *Paris*, who, besides his other Commissions, carried a Letter from his Master, and another from the Baron *de Cromstad* to the Count *de St. Eugene*. Immediately after his Arrival he went to deliver them to the Count. The Servants crowded about him, being fond of

of hearing News from the Army. *Angelica* was also as eager as the rest, and herein her Curiosity was authorized by secret Orders from *Adelaide*, who, having for a long Time heard nothing from either the Marquis or *Cromstad*, was not a little impatient, especially with Regard to the latter. She often called to mind his dismal Presage at his Departure. Nor could she repress the Fear that this Presage had been really verified by the constant Dangers to which she knew *Cromstad* was exposed. On this Occasion therefore *Angelica* executed the Orders of her Mistress, and gratified her own Disposition; and in Order to do this the more perfectly, she contrived a secret Interview with the Marquis's Domestic. At first he affected some Reservedness, but soon yielding to *Angelica's* Instances and Blandishments, and besides knowing how she stood in his Master's Affections, he not only imparted to her what he knew, on a Vow of Secrecy, but even added several Circumstances of his own Invention, concerning the Duel between his Master and *Cromstad*. Tho' he was entirely ignorant of the true Cause

of that Affair, yet he confidently attributed it to the Jealousy the Marquis had entertained of a Rival so much beneath him, and who, doubtless had made Use of some Artifice to fight safely, and taken some Advantage to wound the Marquis. He added, that what seemed very strange to him and his Fellow-Servants, was, that since this unlucky Affair, the Marquis his Master was not only so good as to admit this Mushroom Baron within his Doors, but even to treat him with very great Condescension, concluding with telling *Angelica* that he did not doubt but his Master, whom the King's Presence at that Time restrained, would not fail of being even with him at his Return to *Paris*.

Angelica listened with a great deal of Pleasure to this Narration, without well knowing for what Reason; but the Increase of her Joy, when she made her Report to her Mistress, was easily accounted for, being certain that it would greatly affect *Adelaide*. She exaggerated all the Suspicions of the Messenger by the most disgraceful Circumstances against *Cromstad*, and positively assured her that the Baron, in

in Order to secure himself the Advantage, had used all the foul Play which Cowardice could suggest.

This Account threw *Adelaide* into a most violent Disorder, so that without allowing *Angelica* to finish her Story, she dismissed her, that she might give Vent to her Affliction. Whatever Alleviation she might conceive from the Hopes that the Marquis's Servant was either mistaken, or had maliciously falsified the Truth, she still considered herself as the Subject of a Quarrel, which could not be thought to have been transacted without making a great deal of Noise. The Concern she had of late observed in the Count her Father, and his Silence with Regard to the Marquis and *Cromstad*, were Circumstances which gave her the most melancholy Apprehensions. Tho' she was so far Mistress of herself, as to conceal the Cause, its Effects were not to be restrained. Her Melancholy soon discovered the Situation of her Mind to Parents who always looked upon her with the most tender Fondness. They were greatly troubled at it, and began to be alarmed for her Health, tho' she

she herself could not be prevailed upon to own that she labour'd under any Uneasiness of any Kind whatever.

The Countess *de St. Eugene*, whose Disquietude daily increased, privately questioned *Angelica* about it, having observed, that lately her Daughter had not been so liberal of her Caresses to her. Nothing could be more welcome to this Creature, than such an indispensable Occasion of telling all she knew. Yet at first she endeavoured to illude any Questions by all the hypocritical Artifices her Mind was capable of, so that the Countess was obliged to flatter, promise, insist and threaten, before *Angelica* would suffer herself to be brought to a Confession. At last, pretending to be overcome by her Duty to the Countess, she acquainted her, that on the Arrival of the Express from the Marquis *d'Anglure*, Lady *Adelaide* had directed her to procure a private Interview with him, in Order to draw from him all the Particulars she could, relating to the Baron *de Gromstad*; that indeed on hearing that his mad Jealousy had put him upon fighting with the Marquis *d'Anglure*, she thought it her Duty to inform

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inform her young Lady of it, who, in Return for her Fidelity, with a Look full of Anger, and Tears in her Eyes, bad her hold her Tongue and begone; to which, for her Part, she firmly believed was owing that Melancholy which she had put on for some Time past.

The Heart of the Countess *de St. Eugene* was perfectly stab'd at this Declaration. She strictly commanded *Angelica* not to whisper a Word of what she had told her, to any Person whatever, and especially to be very careful in keeping the Discovery she had now made, from her Daughter's Knowledge.

After revolving in her Mind this imaginary Misfortune, and the most effectual Measures, which in Consequence thereof ought to be taken, she went to consult the Count her Husband. He, who on so many Accounts was easy, with Regard to the Secrecy of an Affair, whose Consequences hitherto had been only happy, both from the Marquis's and *Cromstad's* Accounts, was amazed to see the Countess

hurry

hurry into his Closet, all pale and in Tears.

He instantly enquir'd, with a Mixture of Astonishment and Tenderness, if any Misfortune had happened.

“ Yes, my dear Lord, answered she ;
 “ and such a Misfortune as makes me
 “ tremble. Your *Cromstad* will make our
 “ poor Daughter a miserable Creature, and
 “ the very Apprehension of it has already
 “ made me so..

“ Bless me, said the Count, what can
 “ this mean ? Can you imagine that *Ade-*
 “ *laide* can have any Passion for *Cromstad* ?
 “ A Passion, too, which one would think
 “ she could scarce have any Knowledge of
 “ at her Age, and which, at the same Time,
 “ is so opposite to her Honour, her Duty,
 “ and proper Regard to her Birth. No,
 “ Madam, don't disturb yourself with these
 “ Fears ; I know *Adelaide* thoroughly,
 “ her Notions are too delicate, her Dis-
 “ position too noble ; it is all a Mistake,
 “ and your Fondness imposes upon your
 “ Understanding.”

How!

“How! my Lord, answered the Countess, is *Cromstad's* Duel with the Marquis *d'Anglure* still a Secret to you?
 “And would his Insolence have been carried so far, unless he had been convinced that *Adelaide* would countenance it?
 “Nay, I wish he was not even animated to it; for doubtless there has been a secret Intercourse carried on between them.”

“You surprize me, Madam, said the Count! Has this unlucky Duel then reached your Ears? And is my Daughter also acquainted with it?”

“Yes, my Lord, returned the Countess, and that is t' e Cause of that sullen Melancholy which has seized her for some Days past, and which her Diffimulation would not suffer her to disclose to us, notwithstanding all our Intreaties.

“Oh Heavens! exclaimed the Count, Virtue is an empty Name indeed;
 “and all Appearance of it but Illusion,
 “if my Danghter and *Cromstad* have combined to deceive me! But possibly, said
 “he,

“ he, addressing himself to the Countess,
 “ you are too precipitate in your Fears ;
 “ give me leave to suspend my Belief
 “ of such an improbable Presumption. I
 “ fancy I have a more authentic Account
 “ of this Duel, which has flung you into
 “ so much Disorder, than you have. Mine
 “ comes from the Marquis himself, who
 “ candidly owns, that, in every Respect,
 “ *Cromstad* behaved like a Man of com-
 “ pleat Honour. And besides this, I
 “ have Reason to be satisfied with him in
 “ other Respects. If the most promising
 “ Appearances may be relied on, all our
 “ Concerns are safe. Let me desire you
 “ to be easy about him, or, at least,
 “ not to be so hasty in condemning him.
 “ With Regard to our Daughter, I will short-
 “ ly talk with her in private, but let her,
 “ by no Means, perceive that you are in
 “ the Secret ; and I have Reason to hope
 “ that when she and I have come to an
 “ Ecclaircissement, we shall dissipate all
 “ your Apprehensions.”

The

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The Countess returned to her Apartment, and acquainted *Adelaide* of her Father's Desire to see her. Such a Message dispersed her Melancholy, so that she ran and threw her Arms about her Father's Neck, giving him at the same Time the most lively Marks of her most tender and dutiful Affection for him. The Count was so pleased with her unaffected Ardour, that he kept her for some Time in his Arms. "My dear Child, said he, my Heart overflows with Joy at this fond Embrace; but the late Uneasiness of your Mind gives me the greatest Concern. But I intreat and conjure you, my Dear, that you would no longer conceal the Cause of it from me. I speak directly to yourself; for I should look upon it as an Injury to that Candour and Affection I have always observed in you, were I to make Enquiry of any other Person."

"Indeed, replied *Adelaide*, I never did, nor ever will, conceal any Thing from you, and it was only an Apprehension

"hension of injuring the unfortunate Ba-
 "ron *de Cromstad* in your Favour, which
 "withheld me from informing you of
 "his rash Behaviour towards a Person
 "whom he cannot be ignorant that you
 "have pitch'd upon for me. This, and
 "this only, is the Cause of my Uneasi-
 "ness: For surely my Reputation must be
 "affected by the Noise of such an Affair?
 "And may it not produce injurious Sus-
 "picions in the Marquis *d' Anglure* him-
 "self?"

"My Child, answered the Count, your
 "Concern is more decent than I thought;
 "but it is not well grounded; for I am
 "thoroughly informed of all that has hap-
 "pened; *Cromstad* may have been some-
 "thing too rash: Only read this Letter,
 "continued he, giving her that which he
 "had received from the Marquis *d' Anglure*,
 "and I believe you will be inclined to
 "acquit the Baron."

Adelaide taking the Letter with a trem-
 bling Hand, could not forbear blushing as
 she

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she read the Marquis's Commendations of the Baron's Bravery and Generosity; but that Part where the Marquis own'd he owed his Life to him, drew Tears from her.

"Well! what Opinion do you now entertain of the Affair?" said the Count, when she had read the Letter.

"Ah! my dear Father, said she, *Cromstad* then still shews himself worthy your Favour.

"Stay my dear *Adelaide*, continued the Count, when I have given you another Mark of the intire Confidence I place in you, you will be still more clearly satisfied of his Innocence, and, at same the Time, have a juster Idea of his Temper. Now read this Letter," continued he, giving her that which he had received from *Cromstad*, before his Duel with the Marquis.

Adelaide felt a thousand different Agitations as she read this Letter. She several times turned pale, and as often blushed; but

but when she came to these Words, *The Crime of having declared it*; she involuntarily interrupted herself, saying, "It is very true, indeed, he never mentioned it to me."

Many were the Emotions with which she read the Letter; but she was all melted in Tenderness when she came to these last Words, *The Chance of War, which may here put an End to my unfortunate Destiny, I shall die at least, &c.*

"Ah Heavens! cried she, what is this I read! It would have been happy for me had I never seen any thing of this Letter."

"How! my Daughter, replied the Count with Concern, have you then an Inclination for *Cromstad*?"

"Indeed, my Lord, said she, somewhat recovering herself, I am not conscious of any Inclination for *Cromstad* which I ought not to have. 'Tis true, the great Place the Baron has hitherto held in
"your

“your Favour, together with his many
 “Virtues, his Discretion, his grateful Re-
 “spect, and Devotion to you, not omit-
 “ting his personal Accomplishments, have
 “gained him the Preference in my Esteem
 “before my other Acquaintance. This
 “Friendship I always looked upon as inno-
 “cent, and even commendable. Indeed
 “I should have been shock’d at any other
 “Sentiments ; but here I must own to you,
 “that these Ideas led me to indulge myself,
 “without Scruple or Apprehension, in the
 “Pleasure of conversing with him. If this
 “be what is called Love, then surely I
 “love him ; but if it be a Crime, I will
 “punish myself for it, by concealing from
 “him, as I have hitherto done, a Senti-
 “ment of which he is at present entirely
 “ignorant, and shall for ever continue so.”

“Ah ! my dear Child, replied the Count,
 “with Tears, how many Virtues are con-
 “spicuous even in the Acknowledgement
 “of your Weakness !”

Here

Here the Count's Joy interrupted his Speech. He took *Adelaide* in his Arms, which she returned with a no less fond Embrace, and both mingled their Tears in mutual Overflowings of generous Tenderness.

But when the Count had somewhat recovered himself, "Ah! my dear Child," exclaimed he, I am overcome! I can no longer withstand that unbounded Sincerity you have shewn. You have now confessed your Weakness, and I could also wish that I had not kept mine so long a Secret. You will tremble at the recital. I am going to pierce your Heart! but my Duty demands it: I am going to divulge a Secret, which never entered *Cromstad's* Thoughts, and of which possibly it were best he should for ever remain ignorant. Your Mother especially, must never hear a Word of it. Now consider this as a very particular Mark of the Confidence I place in you."

Here

Adelaide

Adelaide trembling, waited for this dreadful Discovery, whilst her Father endeavoured to hide his Face, which was bathed in Tears. All his Faculties seemed entirely suspended : they were both Motionless, and the Impressions were so violent, that they seemed entirely deprived of all Sensation.

"Father, my dear Father, at last said
"the tender *Adelaide*."

"Alas ! my dear Daughter, said the
"Count, thou hast Cause to tremble.—"

"*Cromstad* is thy Brother ; he is my Son !"

"*Cromstad* ! --- Your Son ! --- My Brother ! --- replied *Adelaide*, why then, my
"dear Father, I may love him."

"You may ; you ought, replied the
"Count ; but let us break off this Discourse. After declaring to you the Folly
"of my Youth, and revealing to you the
"Fruit of a lawless Passion, I own, my
"dear Child, that did I esteem you less,
"I should be ashamed of seeing you again.

"Let

“ Let us both forgive each other, and endeavour to compose ourselves. Your Mother is not without her Fears, with regard to your Disposition for the unfortunate *Cromstad*. I promised to return to her to make her easy on that Head; and you must go with me to confirm my Report, and give her full Satisfaction.”

After a few farther Endearments on both Sides, the Count and his Daughter went to the Countess's Apartment, where he displayed the Character, Temper, and Dispositions of *Adelaide*, in such beautiful and strong Colours, and so truly resembling the generous Sentiments which *Adelaide* herself shewed, that the Countess's Disquietude was perfectly removed, and, with a joyful Embrace, she restored *Adelaide* to all her former Confidence. This Adventure indeed gave her reason to suspect *Angelica's* Treachery and Malignity, and, in her Turn, to believe that she had given her many false Intelligences, which she artfully endeavoured to detect; but kept her Suspicions to

to herself, even affecting an Increase of Cordiality and Confidence towards her.

An Opportunity soon offered itself; for tho' *Angelica* took Delight in being familiar with the other Servants, yet she had often Quarrels with them, and put them on playing Tricks with each other. They knew her too well to pay her any Respect, but in Deference to the Count and Countess. This Aversion made it the easier for the Countess to induce one of her Servants, who was *Angelica's* particular Confident, to give her Notice of every thing he should hear, and even to betray his Trust, as really he did, within two Days after the above Conversation; for *Angelica*, who hardly knew how to make her Letters, took it into her Head to correspond with the Marquis *d'Anghure*, and at the same Time to acquaint him with every thing she had heard, and her Thoughts of it, together with her Grievances. Her Experience not being very great, she directed her Letter something oddly, and gave it her Confident, charging him to put it into

the Post-Office with his own Hands ; but he, over-joyed at such an Opportunity of ingratiating himself with his Lady, carried it to her immediately. The Countess, after reading the Supercription of the Letter, which ran thus, *To M. d'Anglure in the King's Army*, broke open the Letter, and found the following Scrawl, wretchedly spelt, which, as it would only puzzle the Reader, we shall correct.

S I R,

“ **H** E R E is rare News indeed, which
 “ my Friend *Champenois* brought
 “ from the Army. He tells me that you and
 “ that pretty Fellow, *M. Cromstad*, have
 “ had a Brush. That's well done, you
 “ should have beat him like a Dog ;
 “ but the Story goes that he has beat you.
 “ I do not know what to think of it ; but
 “ if you have still the same Kindness for
 “ me, I depend upon your giving it him
 “ home some other Time. Now I think on
 “ it, I related the whole Matter, from the
 “ Beginning to the End, to our Miss ; it
 “ put her into the Dumps, and shoving me
 “ out

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“out of the Room, she fell a crying like a
 “Child who has lost its Play-thing. This
 “is all I can afford you to Day, for I am
 “not yet very quick at Writing, and that
 “puzzles my Words. To morrow I shall
 “give you the Remainder. —

“I told you Yesterday, that I had told
 “all to Mademoiselle; you cannot think
 “how much it vexed her, and as her Mother
 “questioned me about it, I also told her
 “the whole Matter; but not in the same
 “Manner, so that here is like to be a ter-
 “rible Piece of Work. For my Part,
 “never was poor Dog so weary of a Place,
 “as I am of this House, since you left it;
 “for I prefer one of your Caresses to twen-
 “ty of my young Lady’s, who is now and
 “then in a wheedling Humour. If you
 “wanted me to do you any Service, I
 “would readily go; but then I must ma-
 “nage Matters very cunningly.

“No, no,

ANGELICA.

Now *Angelica's* true Character appeared in open Day. The Countess was concerned at such Ingratitude and Folly; but determined, if possible, to correct such a depraved Temper. Having communicated this singular Manuscript to her Husband, they agreed to keep it a Secret, and not so much as communicate it to their Daughter; but on the contrary to tell her, that as both they and she, owed such singular Obligations to her Nurse, something farther ought to be done for *Angelica*, and that after giving her a few slight Accomplishments she should be taken from among the Servants, that she might acquire useful Knowledge, and improve her Morals by the Culture of a more serious Education; for as they intended to provide her a handsome Settlement, it was proper to qualify her to do Honour to their Favours; and as at her Age nothing good was to be learnt from the Conversation of Valets, they were determined to place her in a Convent, that she might entirely lose the rustic Air, Behaviour, and Accent, of which she still retained

tained some Relicts, notwithstanding the Time she had been in their Family.

Tho' *Adelaide* was thoroughly convinced of the Force and Propriety of these Reasons, yet to be separated from *Angelica* was a sensible Grief to her. She desired some Time to bring herself to it, at the same time promising her Parents to have a constant Eye upon her, and carefully instruct her in a more decent Behaviour and Expression. The Count and Countess *de St. Eugene*, with their usual Indulgence, immediately granted *Adelaide's* Request; tho' it was their fixed Resolution to put their Project in Execution before the Marquis *d' Anglure's* Return.

If *Angelica* had been of so ductile a Temper as to amend her Faults without any of the Constraints of a regular Education, if Lenity and Example alone could have had a proper Influence over her, 'tis certain that the whole Kingdom could not have afforded her a better School; but she was above all deficient in a proper Love and

Regard for her Tutrefs, and her Heart rebelled againſt all the feign'd Acquieſcence ſhe ſhewed to her kind Admonitions, tho' always accompanied with the moſt engaging Endearments. *Angelica*, inſtead of kindling an Emulation of *Adelaide's* Virtues and Perfections, was jealous of her Beauty, and envious of her Ornaments. She was even ſo arrogant as to claim a Recompence for any Amendment; and any forced Attention to, and Compliance with her Lady's Inſtructions was ſure to be followed with deſiring ſome Favour. *Adelaide* had the Succeſs of her Undertaking too much at Heart to reſtrain her natural Generoſity, and even accounted the happy Change which ſhe hoped to effect on her ruſtic Pupil to be above any Price. It muſt be owned that her Pains and Presents were not entirely thrown away; *Angelica* now began to ſpeak with more Grace and Correctneſs. There was more Politenefs in her Behaviour, and more Judgment and Decency in her Diſcourſe; neither did ſhe ſo much frequent the Company of the Servants. It is true this Alteration was not ſo much owing
to

to a proper Dignity of Sentiment, as to the Pride arising from the Marks of Distinction which were shewed her by *Adelaide*.

Such had, for some Time, been the State of Affairs in the Count *de St. Eugene's* Family, when he received a Letter from Marshal *d'Humieres*, in which that General, after acquainting him with the raising the Siege of *Maestricht*, mention'd the gallant Behaviour of the Baron *de Cromstad*, and took Notice of the Wound he had received. Tho' these Encomiums, from such a Person, elated the Count, and increased his Esteem for his Son, yet his Wound, the Consequence of which, it was apprehended, would be an incurable Lameness, sensibly afflicted him. He immediately dispatched a Letter of Acknowledgment for his Care of the Baron, and for giving him an Opportunity of distinguishing himself; and concluded with desiring him to send *Cromstad* immediately to *Paris*, in a Litter, with a Surgeon, if his Wound would admit

of it, and if not, as soon as possible. He also wrote to the same Purpose to his dear *Cromstad*, rather desiring, than directing him to comply, as soon as possible, with the Orders he should receive from his General; at the same Time sending him large Remittances.

The Marshal, on receiving the Count *de St. Eugene's* Letter, went himself to visit the Baron, who had not yet received that which the Count had wrote to him. Upon the Marshal *d'Humiere's* first Question, *Cromstad* eagerly said, that he hoped shortly to be in a Condition to have his Revenge. Upon enquiring of the Surgeons, the Marshal was assured that his Wound was in a fair Way, and that the Patient could bear removing; but that it would be a long Time before he could ride a Horse. "That is sufficient, said the Marshal, for the present." At the same Instant the Count *de St. Eugene's* Letter was brought to *Cromstad*. He read it with Concern, as he had endeavoured to conceal his Wound from him; but it

was

was greatly increased, when the Marshal informed him that the Order, to which his immediate Compliance was desired, was to leave the Army, and return to Paris.

However, *Cromstad's* military Ardour might be averse to this Order, a Compliance was indispensable, and the Marshal himself having given Directions for all Things necessary for his safe and convenient travelling, caused him to set out the beginning of *September*, after sending previous Notice to his Friend, the Count *de St. Eugene*.

The Count, on receiving this Letter, thought it advisable not to delay any longer the removing *Angelica* from his House, and accordingly the Countess herself conducted her to a Convent of *Ursulines*; nor could all her Tears prevent it, nor even *Adeleide's* Intreaties, who began, as she said, to reap some Advantage from her Cares. At the same Time the Countess had the Goodness to acquaint *Joclet*, by her Chap-

lain, that what she did, was with a View of forming her Daughter for a creditable Marriage, which she and the Count her Husband, would endeavour to procure for her.

Care was taken that *Cromstad* should travel but at a very slow Rate, lest it should inflame his Wound; so that it was near twelve Days before he arrived at *Paris*. If he was not so graciously received by the Countess as he could wish, the Joy and Tenderness which the Count expressed made him ample amends; and we may easily suppose him much more elevated at the affectionate Concern which *Adelaide* shewed at his Situation, and her sincere Joy at his Return.

The best Surgeons were immediately sent for, who, in a few Days, unanimously agreed, that tho' he might be lame for a few Months, yet it would not be of a longer Continuance, and the Issue verified their Prediction.

While

Whilst he was under the Care of these Gentlemen, which was no short Time, he had the Honour of being visited by the Count *de St. Eugene*, and sometimes by the Countess, tho' she seldom took her Daughter with her, and the latter never failed at those Times, to keep herself within a discreet Reserve. Whereas when she obtained leave to accompany her Father in his Visits to *Cromstad*, she always appeared with a more chearful Countenance, and behaved with more Freedom and Kindness; but all her Marks of Sympathy only rendered *Cromstad* more perplexed and melancholy. At length, as she was one Day coming out of *Cromstad's* Chamber with her Father, she could no longer conceal the Emotions of her Heart from him, who she now knew to be her Brother. So that embracing the Count, she spoke to him in this Manner.

"My dear Father, I have a Favour to
 "beg of you, and which I must intreat
 "you not to refuse me!"

"Speak

“Speak freely, my Child, replied the
“Count, it is granted.”

“If so, continued *Adelaide*, allow me,
“dear Sir, to forbear visiting poor *Crom-*
“*stad*; or, which would give me much
“more Pleasure, let me conjure you to
“put an End to this torturing Conflict of
“Hopes and Fears, and the Uneasiness
“which my Friendship gives him, by in-
“forming him what he really is.”

“How, *Adelaide*! replied the Count
“earnestly, is this a sudden Impulse; or
“have you thought upon what you ask?”

“Yes, my dear Sir, interrupted *Adel-*
“*laide*. Yes, *Cromstad* deserves from you
“an unlimited Confidence. He will be
“as discreet as you are pleased to say I
“am, and not abuse it in the least. In a
“Word, he will not then be afraid to ex-
“press, even in your Presence, his Esteem
“for me; whilst you yourself will rejoice
“at our mutual Tenderness. Why will
“you then any longer deprive us of the
“Plea-

“Pleasure which such a Discovery must
 “give us all: A Discovery that will cer-
 “tainly put an End to his Grief, which
 “will then no longer alarm us; the Tran-
 “quility of his Mind will doubtless for-
 “ward his Cure, whereas the Constraint
 “under which he now lives may, perhaps,
 “prove fatal.”

“What are you prompting me to, my
 “dear *Adelaide*, replied the Count? Ah!
 “you know but little of the Heart of
 “Man.—*Cromstad* is certainly virtuous;
 “but he loves you, and even most passio-
 “nately. If his Love be without Hope,
 “it is also without Guilt, in his Opinion,
 “But now you are for making him sen-
 “sible of his Crime.”

“Ah! my Father, replied *Adelaide*, my
 “Brother’s Heart is no less pure than
 “mine. You own that he loves me with-
 “out any Hope; but that very Passion,
 “for which he expects no Return, does
 “it not appear to him a Crime against
 “your Friendship, against your repeated
 “Favours,

" Favours, and against all the Ties of Gra-
 " titude? From hence all his Uneasiness
 " proceeds. The Tenderneſs he will retain
 " for me after this Diſcovery, will be
 " lawful and virtuous. His own Thoughts
 " will no longer accuſe him of any Guilt.
 " He will loſe nothing by the Extinction
 " of a Hope he never entertained, and
 " you will at once preſerve both his Life
 " and Virtue from the Dangers to which
 " they are expoſed by his preſent Igno-
 " rance."

Here the Count, burſting into Tears
 of Joy and Rapture, cried out, " Gra-
 " cious Heaven! with what Virtue and
 " Reaſon haſt thou inſpired her!" Then
 embracing his Daughter with the moſt
 ſenſible Emotions of Affection, " Come,
 " follow me, ſaid he, let us return to
 " your Brother's Chamber, where we ſhall
 " ſtill probably find him alone."

" Well! now my dear Father, ſaid
 " *Adelaide*, following him, I never can
 " ſufficiently love you."

Thus

Thus they returned to *Cromstad*, who had been alone since the Count and his Daughter had left him. He was filled with Surprise at their sudden Return into his Apartment; but when he perceived the Vestiges of Tears in the Count's Eyes, he had almost fainted away, and could not forbear crying out, with the greatest Concern, and enquiring if any Misfortune had happened?

"*Cromstad*, my dear *Cromstad*, said the Count to him, do not be alarmed at my Tears. They portend no ill; they are Tears of Joy and Tendernefs. My dear *Adelaide*, continued he, my dear Daughter, go and embrace your Brother."

"She my Sister!—Ah my Brother!
 "—Ah, Sir! must I say, Father?
 "—Ah! Son, my dear Son!" These were the first confused Words which came from the Father and his Children. Their Emotions were equal, and so strong, that

for a long Time they could only express their Sentiments by Tears and Caresses.

The Count was the first who recovered himself. "My Son, said he, I must open to you my Crime; but at the same Time my Innocence with Respect to you." He then proceeded to relate to him his Journey into *England*, under the feigned Name of the *Baron de Cromstad*; his Love for Miss *Naughton*, with proper Softnings of the Weakness of that young Lady in returning his Passion. He even protested to him, that when he left her, tho' he could not discover the Secret of his Commission to her, he was entirely a Stranger to the Condition she was then in; and that nothing but the absolute Necessity of concealing that Secret could have restrained him from writing to her; and as he never heard from her, he little imagined what Effect his Passion had produced, till the Banker at *Copenhagen* had recommended *Cromstad* to him, by which Means he became acquainted with his Adventures and Disposition, together with the

After-

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After-fortune of a Lady who had been so dear to him, and who merited all the Respect and Tenderness he had ever expressed for her, and deserved a happier and more honourable Destiny.

“ Ah, Sir ! cried *Cromstad*, I shall never be ashamed of a Circumstance which
 “ has given me a Father of your Virtue
 “ and Tenderness, and by which I have
 “ the Honour of calling this excellent
 “ young Lady my Sister. No Desire
 “ could ever have entered into my Heart
 “ more agreeable to the Purity of my Sentiments. No, my Lord, No, my Father, it is not a presumptuous Hope,
 “ of which you now deprive my Heart ;
 “ you rather ease it of an insupportable
 “ Weight, under which it has long groaned,
 “ and by which it would at last infallibly have been crushed. And you,
 “ Mademoiselle, (will you permit me to
 “ say my Sister) addressing himself to the
 “ tender *Adelaide*, you should never have
 “ been offended with any Declaration of
 “ my former Tenderness for you ; will
 “ not

"not my Friendship now be displeasing to
"you?"

"No! Brother, my dear Brother! re-
plied *Adelaide*, accompanying her Em-
braces with Tears of Joy and Fond-
ness."

To dwell any longer on the melting
Scene between these three worthy Per-
sons, would exhaust the Sensibility of our
Readers, a Moiety of which we would
gladly reserve for the succeeding Events.

After the most moving Expressions of
paternal Affection, filial Duty, and fra-
ternal Kindness, the Count *de St. Eugene*
endeavoured to change the Scene, and
addressed himself to them as follows.

"My dear Children, your mutual Af-
fection, your Desires, and particularly
your Virtues have drawn from me a
Secret, which indeed could never have
been reveal'd in a more interesting Mo-
ment. I am now satisfied that the re-
vealing it to you will never be followed
" by

"by Repentance. So far from being se-
 "duced by my Example, you will look
 "upon it as a salutary Document against
 "a Passion which is generally attended
 "with so much Disgrace, and oftentimes
 "Misery; but which, by a very singular
 "Chance, terminates in my Happiness,
 "and, I hope, in your Satisfaction. But
 "now, my dear Children, I must also
 "make the same Confession to the Coun-
 "tess. I owe this Discovery to our mu-
 "tual Tendernefs, and her unblemished
 "Character. She has been a little too
 "much disturbed at the reciprocal Af-
 "fection that has subsisted betwixt you.
 "It is now Time to bring her to approve
 "it; as from this Hour, it will doubt-
 "less run in a Channel that needs no Re-
 "straint or Disguise.—Embrace your
 "Father once more, my dear Children;
 "continue to love each other, and I hope
 "your Regards for me will not be in
 "the least weakened by this Discovery of
 "your Relation to one another."

This

This Interview, which opened with so much Surprize, and concluded with the utmost Joy and Tenderness, being over, *Adelaide* withdrew to her Apartment, and the Count to that of his Lady.

"Where is *Adelaide*, Sir, said the Countess, with an Air of Seriousness, I sent for her some Time ago; but found she was with you in the Baron *de Cromstad*'s Chamber. I was unwilling to disturb you; but sure you must have had very good Reasons for indulging them with so long a Meeting."

"Certainly, replied the Count. Send away these Women, and I will make you acquainted with them."

Immediately the Countess's Women left the Room, and the Count *de St. Eugene* threw himself at her Feet, and grasping one of her Hands, which he kissed with Tears. "Pardon me, my dear Wife, Pardon me. You see at your Feet a Criminal loaded with Shame, and begging your Forgiveness."

"Good

“ Good God ! cried she, with the utmost Astonishment, what can this mean ? ” The Count perceiving he had too much surpriz’d her, begg’d her not to be affrighted ; and rising up, he related to her, but not without much Confusion, all the Particulars of his Journey into *England* ; the Necessity he was under of changing his Name ; his seducing the charming Miss *Naughton*, which he partly imputed to political Views ; and, lastly, he owned to his Lady that *Cromstad* was the Fruit of that Amour ; which he had discovered in so surprizing a Manner during his Embassy at *Copenhagen*, and that he had then determined to use him as a Son, as he was endued with such noble and amiable Dispositions. That he had hitherto inviolably kept this a Secret from every one ; but that the Circumstances of his Family now requiring a Discovery, he had communicated the whole Affair to his Children, which had strengthened the Virtue, and settled the Tranquility of both, as the Knowledge of *Cromstad*’s Birth added to his good Character,

put

put them in some Measure on a Level, and authorized a reciprocal Friendship.

The Count had enforced his Narrative with so many moving Circumstances, and such lively Expressions of the tender Sentiments with which his Heart was penetrated, that the Countess herself became equally affected.

“Ah! said she to her Husband, embracing him, my dear Count, I am overcome, and I sincerely rejoice at this Discovery. Let us immediately go to *Cromstad*, I am impatient to embrace him, and let him know that I acknowledge him as my own Son.”

What Transports, what Gratitude, this Behaviour of his Lady raised in the Heart of the Count, will be easily imagined, by any one who has the least Idea of Generosity, and much better imagined than described. After acknowledging, at her Feet, so singular an Instance of Goodness, they went to *Cromstad*'s Apartment. The Countess

ters immediately dispersed his Confusion on her first Appearance, knowing that she had been informed of his real Birth, cheering him with the tender Names of Son, and dear Son! which could not fail of inspiring the utmost Joy and Gratitude, especially in a Person of *Cromstad's* Disposition. Here again was one of those melting endearing Scenes, which drew Tears from the Eyes of the Actors; and they would longer have indulged themselves in it, had not the prudent Apprehensions of the Count, that such strong and repeated Emotions might have a bad Effect on the weak Habit of *Cromstad*; advised a timely Separation.

When the Countess left the Room, *Cromstad* begg'd of the Count, who was following her, that as he was now so far recover'd as to be able to write, he might be permitted to send his Mother the happy News of these Discoveries, and Instances of the Goodness of Providence towards him.

“Yes,

"Yes, my Son, reply'd the Count,
"you may; but it is proper that I should
"first let her know how greatly I am in-
"debted to her for this Happiness. Do
"you endeavour to make yourself easy
"in every Respect, and rely on my Af-
"fection."

Here the Count left *Cromstad*, who continued something restless all Night, and the next Day he perceived that his Wound was greatly inflamed by the violent Agitation of his Spirits, which however soon abated by the subsiding of his Passion, and his Wound being entirely healed at the End of a few Weeks, his Cure was attributed no less to the favourable Turn that was given to the State of his Mind, than to the Goodness and Strength of his Constitution, or the Skill of the Surgeons.

The Count *de St. Eugene* wrote to *Miss Naughton*, according to the Promise he made to his Son, who himself soon after sent away a Letter; but before we acquaint the Reader with the Consequence
of

of these Letters, the Transactions in the Count *de St. Eugene's* Family, before the Arrival of Miss *Naughton's* Answers, must be previously taken Notice of.

There is a general Proneness in all Servants to animadvert on every Thing which passes within their Master's Walls, and approve or censure according to their own uninform'd Way of thinking. Indiscretion particularly seems natural to them. No sooner did they perceive that the Countess was more frequent in her Visits to *Cromstad*, that she carried it with more Kindness towards him, and that Lady *Adelaide* was often allowed to be alone with him; then they immediately concluded that he was to be the happy Man, and that his Wound alone retarded the Nuptials. This wise Conclusion of theirs was eagerly carried to some of the Marquis *d'Anglure's* People, whom he had sent to *Paris*. And he himself was as officiously informed of it the very Day of his Arrival, and his Gentleman whom he had sent to signify to the Count, his

G

Return

Return confirmed it to him before he had been to pay his Visit. Persuaded that his Informations were authentic, in his first Visit to the Count and Countess *de St. Eugene*, he only dropt a Word or two with Regard to the young Lady, and even those with an Air of Indifference, not so much as asking to see her; but desired to see the Baron *de Cromstad*. Walking being very painful to the Baron, the Marquis went to his Apartment, where he happened to find Lady *Adelaide* with one of her Women; for the Marquis *d'Anglure* had so closely followed the Servant who carried in his Name, that she had no Time to withdraw, and could not help blushing at the Surprise.

“I do not know, said she to the Marquis, whether my being found here does not require some Apology.” Accordingly she intimated to the Marquis, that the Weakness of the Baron, which confined him to his Chamber, and the Permission, and even Direction of her Parents, ought to excuse a Step, the only

ly Intention of which was to amuse him in his Confinement, and divert his Attention from the Anguish of his Wound.

“Very far be it from me, Madam,
“answered the Marquis, to presume to
“take Offence at such an innocent and
“good-natured Proceeding. My Con-
“queror has a Right to your Favour,
“which I shall not pretend to dispute with
“him.”

“Well, replied *Adelaide*, with an Air
“of Loftiness, I shall leave the Baron
“at full Liberty to receive this Instance
“which you are pleased to give him of
“your Favour;” and hastily left the
Room, without waiting for the Marquis’s
Answer. Being now alone with *Cromstad*,
“How is this, my dear Baron! said he,
“the young Lady went away, I think,
“something angry with me. Possibly she
“may be vexed to find that your Happi-
“ness is no Secret to me, for I am in-
“formed for certain that you are to marry
“her.”

“ ’Tis a strange Notion indeed, cried
“ *Cromstad*, that I should marry Mademoi-
“ *selle de St. Eugene*. Ah! my Lord!
“ pray who could trouble you with such
“ an idle Tale? Why even a single
“ Thought confutes it. If I should be
“ so rash and presumptuous, as to aim
“ at this Lady, there would be no need
“ of the Count and Countess’s Authority
“ to oppose it. The young Lady knows
“ herself too well, and has too much Dis-
“ cretion, and Elevation of Mind, to de-
“ scend to such a Union. Besides, my
“ Lord, this is doing me a great deal of
“ Injustice, and proves that you know
“ very little of me.”

“ Faith, cried the Marquis, it is in
“ every Body’s Mouth, and to deal plain-
“ ly with you, my dear Friend, the Dis-
“ appointment would not have killed me.
“ But be it as it will, I do not want
“ any farther Explanation on this Head.”

“ Be assured, my Lord, answered the
“ Baron, that I scorn all Diffimulation;
that

“that my Words and Actions are ever
“dictated by Candour and Honour. Now,
“I sincerely declare to you, that if I
“have any Interest in this Family, you
“alone shall marry Mademoiselle *de St.*
“*Eugene*; and may her Accomplishments
“and Virtues, crown your Days with
“ever-growing Felicity.”

“That must be considered on, re-
“plied the Marquis; but enough of this;
“let us now enquire after your Health.”
Then the Conversation turned on different Subjects, till the Marquis took his Leave. He was not yet thoroughly convinced, and on enquiring after *Angelica*, he artfully discovered in what Convent she had been placed. He concluded that she must be so entirely acquainted with the Reports he had so often heard, and he so strongly suspected that she had been sent out of the Way merely on this Account, that he promised himself from her an ample Discovery of an Affair, which, by all he could gather from *Cromstad*’s Discourse, was a very perplexed Mystery.

Full of these Thoughts he hastened to the Convent of *Ursulines*, where, according to his Intelligence, he actually found *Angelica*. She opened the Scene with sharp Reproaches for his Contempt in not answering her Letter; but even in the Heat of her Resentment, the Marquis was quite amazed at the Alteration in her Speech, Carriage, and Countenance, I may say in her whole Person. As he liked her, when a meer Rustic, and quite unpolished, he was now perfectly charm'd to see her so surprizingly improv'd in Elegance of Person, and Gracefulness of Carriage.

After assuring her that he never received her Letter, he immediately proceeded to question her very earnestly about the Reports concerning *Adelaide*. *Angelica*, without any Hesitation, strengthened his Suspicions, and what confirmed him beyond all Doubt that he was imposed upon, was, that *Adelaide*, who had seemed very earnest with the Count and Countess to keep *Angelica* with her, and who

who expressed the most affectionate Concern at her Departure, had, in Reality, prevailed upon the Countess to shut her up in a Convent before the Return of the Baron *de Cromstad*.—The Marquis returned this delusive Confidence with a thousand Thanks and Endearments, which *Angelica* now began to receive with more Reservedness. This Modesty, which was something new to the Marquis, proved an additional Charm, so that he left the Convent, if not passionately in Love, at least, with Thoughts full of *Angelica*. At first he had look'd upon her as an easy Conquest; and, as such, possibly might have thought no farther of her; but now he began to think that she really deserved the Addresses of a Gentleman. As her Voice was extremely fine, he had Thoughts of placing her where her Talents might shine to Advantage, and she might rise in the World, under his Auspices.

Angelica's Destiny was however, much more fortunate, and by a Happiness which

at that Time was unthought of, she became daily more worthy of him. We have observed that the Countess, after determining to place *Angelica* in a Convent, had wrote to the Priest of Dame *Joclet's* Parish, desiring him to acquaint her what she was doing, and intended to do for her Daughter, for which she received a thousand Thanks from *Joclet* in the Curate's Answer. It has also been related that the Count had wrote to Miss *Naughton*, to inform her that he had discovered *Cromstad* to be his Son, and treated him as such: The latter also had sent a Letter to his Mother, full of the highest Praises and tenderest Acknowledgments of the Count's parental Kindness and Generosity. The Lady's Answer equalled their most sanguine Expectations: And after affectionately thanking the Count for the Station he designed for her Son, she assured him, that having been left her Father's sole Heiress, she would soon enable her Son to make a splendid Appearance in any Post with which the Count should honour him. Matters continued

tinued nearly in this Situation for six Months since the Marquis *d'Anglure's* Return. He continued to visit the Count and Countess *de St. Eugene*; *Adelaide* was reconciled to him, and out of Policy he sometimes talked to her of love; but his Visits were not so frequent. These he only kept up, because the Project of retrieving the Circumstances of his Family by an Alliance with the Count *de St. Eugene*, was not totally to be laid aside. The Time at Length came when the Count and Countess began to fix their Thoughts upon marrying their Daughter. The Countess had also proposed to her Husband a Match between *Cromstad* and *Angelica*, and that the Obscurity of her Birth might be compensated by such Presents and Favours as should place young *Cromstad* in very easy Circumstances.

Doubtless this Scheme of Lady *St. Eugene's*, as well as the whole Series of those uncommon Favours which *Angelica* met with in the Count's Family, was the peculiar Act of Providence, to bring about

its own wise Purposes. The Countess was zealously bent on this Match; yet she knew not well why or wherefore.—Thus People are often impell'd to do Things they cannot account for.—This Project was certainly not very agreeable to human Prudence. Neither she nor the Count, could ever assign any tolerable Reason why they should so fondly attach themselves to a poor Girl, of such mean Birth: And still more difficult was it for them to account for their extraordinary Desire of absolutely connecting *Cromstad's* Fortune with her's. It had been more consistent with the Relation he bore to them, especially to the Count, and with the extreme Affection which both, and more particularly the latter, had for the Baron, to have thought first of improving his Fortune, and then repairing the Blemish of his obscure Birth, by an Alliance with some honourable Family. But nothing of all this was attended to by the Count and Countess; who implicitly followed an Impulse, the Consequence

quence of which it was impossible for them to foresee.

The Countess had made the Proposal of this Marriage to the Baron, and the Intreaties of his dear Sister *Adelaide* had, tho' with great Difficulty, procured his Consent. It was indeed still a Secret to *Angelica*, and was to remain such, till she was taken from the Convent in order to its Accomplishment.

The Count *de St. Eugene's* Determination of concluding the Marriage of his Daughter with the Marquis *d'Anglure*, met with more Difficulty. Tho' *Adelaide* would not violate the Deference she owed to the Intentions of such a Father, yet was she seized with an extreme, tho' secret Grief, when it was signified to her that she must absolutely prepare for this important Union, with a Person for whom she had not even one of those Sentiments which, without Love, sometimes constitute a tolerable, calm, and friendly Intercourse betwixt a married Pair. Not that

that she was insensible of some very good Qualities in the Marquis; but she detested his Vanity, and his settled Jealousy, which all his Art was unable to conceal. Her beloved Brother was the only Person to whom she could disclose her Anxiety. *Cromstad*, who had a real Esteem for the Marquis, and who thought his Jealousy was not altogether inexcusable, endeavoured to remove her Prejudices, and inspire his Sister with more favourable Sentiments; and her tender Affection for, and Deference to, him, added Strength to his Arguments.

One Day in particular he addressed her in the following Manner. "My dear
"Sister, you required of me a Sacrifice,
"at least as disagreeable as that which
"you are now desired to make, and I
"complied. Let not however, your Re-
"gard for me have too much Weight
"with you, but consider the Grief you
"will bring upon Parents of such un-
"common Worth and Tendernefs. Be-
"side, the Marquis will love you, he will
"adore

“adore you. It is impossible for him to
“do otherwise. Your Happiness will be
“his greatest Concern; which I am sa-
“tisfied will also produce in you an
“Affection, which, as it will constitute
“the Felicity of his own Life, he will
“study daily to increase by every endear-
“ing Mark of that Respect and Love
“which he cannot fail of having for so
“deserving a Person.”

“Ah! my Brother, replied *Adelaide*,
“would to God the Marquis had your
“Temper and Disposition. My Love for
“you now is entirely alter’d, and with
“what Pleasure could I give my Hand
“to the Marquis *d’Anglure*, had I but
“the same Sentiments for him, which are
“due to Virtues and Accomplishments
“like yours, my dear Brother! How-
“ever, the Sacrifice you once made to
“me, shall be now returned, and you
“may claim the Merit of it.” She then
desired the Baron to go to the Count and
Countess, to assure them of her unlimited

Obe-

Obedience to their Orders, and that her future Endeavours should be to make the Person happy whom they had appointed for her Husband.

This welcome News was no sooner imparted to the Count and Countess *de St. Eugene*, than Preparations were made for the speedy Conclusion of an Affair, in which the Families of both the Count, and the Marquis *d'Anglure* were equally interested. The Marriage was accordingly declared, the Articles drawn up, and the Relations on both Sides met to assist at the Execution of the Contract; the Dresses were bought, and Presents exchanged. *Angelica* was now sent for from the Convent; but so altered for the better, so improv'd, at least to outward Appearance, as hardly to be known. Whatever Expectations she might have entertained relating to the Marquis, her Joy was not however the less when she was informed of her approaching Marriage with the Baron *de Cromstad*, as he had been

been the Object of her first Inclinations, which now began to revive.

These Marriages were both to be celebrated on the same Day, and Instructions had been sent to the Curates of the two Parishes to publish the Banns of Marriage between the Marquis *d'Anglure* and Mademoiselle *de St. Eugene*, and between the Baron *de Cromstad* and the Daughter of *Mary Anne Joclet*, when an Account came that this poor Woman, whose Consent was taken for granted, had been at the Point of Death, and that, tho' still extremely weak, she would in a Day or two be at *Paris*. The Curate of her Parish, who had sent this Information, concluded with only saying that he had deferred publishing the Banns of *Angelica's* Marriage in his Church, for certain Reasons, which he would make known to the Count, when he brought Dame *Joclet* to *Paris*.

Every one was surprized at this supposed Opposition of the poor Woman

to her Daughter's Marriage, when it was apparently so much to the Girl's Advantage. It was at last the most general Opinion, that being now weak, and in a bad State of Health, *Joclet* was for having *Angelica* near her, as the most faithful and affectionate Attendant. *Angelica* herself suspected this to be the Case, and was exceedingly concerned at it; but as the Count *de St. Eugene* was not much elevated with this Match for his Son, for whom he could easily procure a more advantageous one, he was of Opinion, that such a trifling Incident ought not to delay the Marriage of his Daughter with the Marquis *d'Anglure*. However *Angelica*, prudently apprehending that when once *Adelaide's* Marriage was over, they would not be so anxious about her, would not let the young Lady rest, till she had prevailed on her Father to defer her Nuptials 'till after the Arrival of her good Nurse, as she was already on the Road: Indeed *Adelaide* was glad of any Pretext to put off the evil Day, for she still had an unconquerable Aversion for the Marquis.

Ac-

Accordingly in a few Days Time, *Joclet*, with her Priest, arrived at *Paris*. *Adelaide* ran to meet her at the Gate, and the old Woman received her with open Arms, embracing her with that distinguished Tenderness, which had always been so pleasing to the Count and Countess. Dame *Joclet* was however so greatly affected, and full of Trouble, that she burst into Tears, and impatiently required to be carried to the Count *de St. Eugene*. She was accordingly introduced, and *Adelaide* herself led the Way. Care had been taken to prevent *Angelica* from appearing immediately before her Mother, for the Pleasure of observing whether *Joclet* would know her again. Indeed *Angelica* would have been very glad to be entirely excused from such an Interview, having no Inclination to see her Mother at all.

At the Door of the Count's Chamber, the Priest begg'd the Favour of *Adelaide* to withdraw, and leave them alone with the Count *de St. Eugene*.

The

The Count spoke first to them ; for as to the poor Nurse, she was so excessively confused as to be entirely incapable of uttering a Word, for some Minutes,

“ Dame, said he, I am very glad that
“ this Reverend Gentleman has been so
“ good as to accompany you hither ; com-
“ pose yourself, and be satisfied. I did in-
“ deed intend to have disposed of your
“ Daughter much to her Advantage, and
“ as to yourself, Care would have been
“ taken that you should have spent the Re-
“ mainder of your Days in Ease and
“ Tranquility. Indeed, as to your Con-
“ sent, we did not in the least doubt of
“ it : But if you have any Objection to
“ what we have proposed, we shall not
“ desire to force your Inclinations. And
“ whatever your Resolution may be, when
“ you have heard more of the Matter,
“ it shall not in the least affect the kind
“ Intentions I had for *Angelica*. She is
“ indeed at present more deserving than
“ ever of any Favours I can bestow on
“ her.

“her. Therefore speak freely, and let me
“know your Mind.”

Poor *Joclet* seemed to be rather dead than living, and could return no other Answer than by Sighs and Tears, and wringing her Hands; so that her Inability was supplied by the Curate, who addressed himself to the Count as follows.

“My Lord, this poor Woman is not in
“a Condition to acquaint you with the
“Occasion of her troubling you with this
“Visit, nor perhaps would she have had
“the Assurance enough, even were she in
“full Vigour of Health. About two Months
“since, my Lord, she was seized with an
“Illness which threatened her Life. I
“exhorted her, at the Beginning, to pre-
“pare herself for the worst. I perceived her
“to be extremely agitated, which made
“me the more earnest to discover the
“Cause. All I could draw from her for
“a long time was, that there was no Hap-
“piness, no Heaven for such a Wretch as
“she. Such Indications of Despair from a
“Person

“ Person of no bad Character among us,
“ surprized me, but gave me no Informa-
“ tion. At length, however, I convinced
“ her that whatever her Crime was, a sin-
“ cere Repentance, an hearty Desire of
“ Amendment, a real Resolution to repair
“ any Wrong she might have done, toge-
“ ther with a general Confession of what-
“ ever oppressed her Conscience, might re-
“ store her to those comfortable Hopes and
“ Expectations which a Christian is entitled
“ to. Accordingly I have at last prevailed
“ on her to make a Confession, which as
“ it greatly concerns you, she has given
“ me leave to communicate.”

“ You surprize me, Sir, said the Count,
“ with some Emotion. What can it be
“ that this poor Creature is troubled at?
“ But however, before you discover it, I
“ freely forgive her, and should be really
“ concerned if her Conscience should afflict
“ her for any Wrong she ever did me:
“ For surely it can be nothing of Conse-
“ quence.”

“ Indeed,

“ Indeed, my Lord, it is of great Con-
 “ sequence, replied the Curate. I shall re-
 “ peat to you exactly what she has disclosed
 “ to me. She first informed me, that she
 “ had been made Choice of for Nurse to the
 “ Count *de St. Eugene’s* Child. At the
 “ Time when she undertook that Care she
 “ had a Daughter of her own, but two
 “ Months old ; which she promised to put
 “ out to another Woman to Nurse : but
 “ instead of performing this Engagement,
 “ she continued to suckle both the Children;
 “ and after about two Months, she unfor-
 “ tunately let the young Lady your Daugh-
 “ ter fall from her Knees into the Fire.”

On hearing this, the Count was in-
 stantly struck with the most poignant Ap-
 prehensions. An inexpressible Agony seized
 him, covering his Face with his Hands, he
 cried out, “ Good God, what is now
 “ coming to light !” --- The Curate how-
 ever continued.

“ It was, my Lord, about a Fortnight
 “ or three Weeks after this Accident when
 “ the

“ the Marchioness *de Villemare* came to see
“ your Child, as she had before sent Notice
“ to the Nurse of the Day she intended to
“ come, and *Jolet* not daring to shew
“ that Lady your Child, she presented her
“ own to the Marchioness. This Deceit
“ was the more easily carried on, as she
“ lived out of the Village, and had used to
“ dress her own Daughter with some of the
“ the fine Things which belonged to Ma-
“ demoiselle, so that she also imposed upon
“ those few of her Neighbours who occa-
“ sionally conversed with her, and was
“ continually lamenting the Misfortune
“ which had attended her Child, which,
“ she often used to say, would otherwise
“ have been a very pretty Girl. You are
“ sensible, my Lord, that I could not ab-
“ solve this Woman, without insisting on
“ a Reparation of her Crime, and her
“ Consent that the whole Affair should be
“ made known to you. Happily she has
“ since been somewhat recovered, and her
“ Life being now nearly out of Danger, I
“ made her solemnly promise, that as soon
“ as ever it was possible for her to under-
“ take

“ take the Journey, she should come with
 “ me, and lay this Discovery before you.
 “ And now, my Lord, here is the Crimi-
 “ nal, with all the Signs of a sincere Re-
 “ pentance, at your Feet. Her Punish-
 “ ment is in your Power ; but as I trust she
 “ will receive Mercy from Heaven, let me
 “ also intreat that you will ratify the Par-
 “ don you have promised her.”

The Curate had ended before the Count could recover from his Consternation, or utter a Word. Continual Sighs, Tears, and disordered Gestures were the only Language which his distracted Soul was capable of uttering. The Penitent *Joclet* would also have excited as much Pity in any one who should have seen her, and at the same Time been acquainted with her Guilt. The Curate likewise could not but sympathize with their different Passions and Distress. However, he said all that properly could be said at such a Juncture, to prevail on the Count to moderate his Surprize.

At

At last the Count, in whose Face Anger, Grief, and Astonishment were strongly represented, turned to the Curate, and begg'd he would excuse him: "For, Sir, said "he, the Torture your Narration has given "me is not to be expressed. You have im- "bitter'd the whole Remainder of my Life; "I am really distracted; I am not myself."

Immediately on saying this, the Count rang a Bell, and a Domestic, in whom he most confided, entered the Room; he ordered this Person to shew the Curate and the Nurse into the Rooms prepared for them, and to keep their Doors securely locked; but at the same time to take care that they should want for nothing; and especially be very careful that no Person, on any Pretence whatever, should have Admittance to them, till further Orders. And turning to the Curate he said, "Sir, you will be "so good as to pardon this necessary Pre- "caution; 'tis but for this Evening: To- "morrow my Behaviour may be more "agreeable; but at present I desire to have "my own way."

The

The Count's Gentleman conducted them both to their Rooms, which, happily for the Count's Design, were in an Office detached from the rest of his House.

The Count *de St. Eugene* being now alone, abandoned himself to all the melancholy and torturing Ideas his Situation could present. His Heart was indeed deeply pierced with the Thought of the sudden Abasement of a Person whom he had so long been accustomed to look upon with the utmost Pride and Delight as a Daughter. The mortifying Circumstance into which the Marquis *d'Anglure* was on the Point of being plunged! the Necessity of his acknowledging as his Daughter, a Person whose Education was so unequal to the Dignity of her Birth; but more especially the incestuous Marriage which was on the Point of being concluded between his own Son and Daughter: These dreadful Ideas overwhelm'd him at once, and threw him into a State of perfect Stupefaction and Despair. He knew not what to do, nor what to intend, towards extricating himself out of the Troubles and

Embarrassments which he foresaw he must inevitably be thrown into. As to *Joclet's* Discovery, he was absolutely convinced of its Truth. It was not to be supposed that she was capable, on her Death-bed especially, of inventing such a Story. Beside, what Purpose could it answer, as both the Children were so highly in favour with the Count and Countess; that, whichsoever of them was this poor Woman's, she could never have expected such good Fortune to befall her, as was intended for, and had already been experienced by *Angelica*.

In the Midst of his Distraction, and while his Heart was ready to burst with the Weight of his Affliction, the Count was somewhat relieved by the following Exclamation, which he involuntarily broke into.

“How miserable am I made by this Discovery? Alas! where are now all my fond Schemes for future Happiness! Why have I lived to be so unhappily undeceived? And why did this Woman live to undeceive me?---But, Oh! Heaven?

"ven! forgive so rash a Thought! ----
 "What a Train of Horrors still more
 "dreadful must I have encounter'd, had
 "not this providential Discovery thus time-
 "ly interposed! But still, my dear *Ade-*
 "*laide*! Alas! She is mine no more! ----
 "And thou too, unfortunate *Angelica*; but
 "ye shall still both be mine.----'Tis from
 "you both that I must yet look for that
 "Happiness which I once felt on the fond
 "Thought that the amiable *Adelaide* was
 "my own Flesh and Blood.---But for thee,
 "thou dear Partner of my Life! my better
 "self, what wilt not thou too suffer when
 "I surprize thee with this unexpected
 "Tale! Alas! thou must feel and share
 "with me the Pain I have already felt, on
 "this sad Subject. Yes, thou shalt imme-
 "diately be let into the fatal Secret.----
 "Even the Discovery of it to thee, will be
 "some Alleviation to my Grief."

Full of this last Thought, the Count
 sent to desire his Lady's Company. His
 Grief bore too heavy upon him for
 Dissimulation, or any little Artifice

to prepare the Heart of the Countess for such an unexpected Stroke ; but immediately on seeing her, he cried out, “ Oh
 “ my dear Life ! we are both miserable in-
 “ deed.----Our dear *Adelaide* is no longer
 “ ours.----We have no Daughter.”----

“ How so, my Lord, interrupted the
 “ Countess, I have but just left *Adelaide* in
 “ my Apartment, with the Marquis, d’An-
 “ glure !”

“ Ah Madam, continued the Count, I
 “ say we are robbed of our Daughter ; for
 “ *Adelaide* is no longer such.”

The Countess was going to interrupt him again, and not without Apprehensions of some Disorder in her Husband’s Mind ; but he prevented her by continuing thus :

“ My dearest, I beg your calm Attention
 “ a Moment. Believe me, the amiable
 “ *Adelaide*, so dear to you, so dear to us
 “ both ; that unhappy Child, so deserving
 “ of our Love, is no longer to us, the
 “ tender

"tender Pledge we thought Heaven had
 "granted to our Endearments. Alas! she
 "is nothing more than *Joclet's* Daughter.
 "Oh my Life! our Love, our Fortune,
 "all the Hopes which that beloved Child
 "must have entertained, belong entirely to
 "that *Angelica*, who seems to have no o-
 "ther Place in my Heart, than what meer
 "Benevolence has given her. The Con-
 "fession which *Joclet* has made of her unsus-
 "pected Fraud, deprives us of a Jewel which
 "we have hitherto fondly doated on; and
 "at the same time forces us to acknowledge
 "as our only Child, one who by our own
 "blind Infatuation we were criminally go-
 "ing to adopt, by marrying her with my
 "Son. Gracious Heaven! what Horrors
 "have we escaped!---My dear Life, I
 "see that you begin to share in my Grief.
 "---But let us compose ourselves, and
 "submit to Providence, to which indeed
 "we rather ought to be thankful, that we
 "are prevented from falling into yet more
 "dreadful Misfortunes."

H 1 The

The Countess *de St. Eugene* by this time seemed entirely motionless, her Eyes rolling from one Object to another ; a deadly Paleness overspread her Face, and she appeared wholly deprived of Sensation, as if all Things were now become perfectly indifferent to her. However she bore the Shock with more equanimity than even the Count himself had done ; at which he was not a little calmed himself.

He then proceeded to inform her more particularly of his Conversation with the Curate who came with *Joclet*. The Tears of the Countess now began gradually to flow, till they increased to such a Torrent as soon recovered her from her Insensibility.

“ Ah ! my dear Count, cried she, what
 “ a dreadful Stroke will this be to that poor
 “ Child. No ! I shall never be able to in-
 “ form her of it.”

“ By no means, Madam, replied the
 “ Count, I am satisfied it will too much
 “ affect

“affect you. Leave that to me. Alas!
 “if there be any Mitigation of my Grief,
 “it is even in the very disclosing it to her,
 “that I hope to find it. Ah, my dear Coun-
 “tess, what a blind Guide to our Affections
 “is Nature, whose Strength is so highly
 “extolled! this Proximity of Blood, whose
 “secret Force is said to be so great! when
 “the very re-instating of native Right in
 “my Heart is attended with the most pain-
 “ful Emotions. Let us, however, forbear
 “these Complaints, the Daughter whom
 “Heaven has restored to us is not unwor-
 “thy of our Affections. The Rights she
 “has to them are too sacred to be super-
 “seded. Your Care, your Example, with
 “the very Alterations of her Condition,
 “in fine, her Self-love, every thing hence-
 “forward will concur to improve her Man-
 “ners and refine her Mind from the Dross
 “of her earliest Education.”

The Count was proceeding, when Word
 was brought that Dinner waited. Here-
 upon he composed himself as much as possi-
 ble, and prevailed on the Countess to endea-

vour to do so too ; warning her especially not to give the least Hint of what had occasion'd an Interview of such Confusion, promising her that before Night, every Thing should be settled to their mutual Satisfaction. At last, having assumed more Command of himself than the Countess, he came out with her to the Marquis d'*Anglure*, and the Family. He even made *Angelica*, that is the real Mademoiselle *de St. Eugene*, to sit at Table with them, for the first Time, saying that her Mother *Joclet's* Fatigue would not allow her to keep her Company, and that her approaching Marriage intitled her to sit with his Family and Relations. Nothing could be more pleasing to her, whom we must still call *Angelica*, than this Distinction. The Countess *de St. Eugene* feign'd to have the Head-ach, as an Excuse for her not joining in the Gaiety of the Company ; for they all seem'd to strive who should be most chearful, except the unfortunate *Adelaide*, who was fill'd with a real Concern on Account of the pretended Indisposition of the Countess.

At

At rising from Table, the Count *de St. Eugene* took *Adelaide* aside, saying, "My dear Child, follow me into my Closet, "I must inform you of something of the "greatest Concern to both of us."

They were no sooner shut up together, than the Count took her in his Arms, and tenderly embracing her, cried out, "My Daughter, my dear Daughter! Yes, "the melancholy Truth which you must "be made acquainted with, shall never "hinder you from being such."

"Ah! my dear Father, said she, while "I have your Affection, I want no other "Happiness. I suppose the Marquis *d'Anglure's* Mind is altered with Respect to "our Marriage. But do not you, my "dear Father, be concern'd at this; for, "so far from its being a Matter of Uneasiness to me, believe me, nothing would "give me greater Joy than an Assurance "that I should never be separated from so "worthy, so tender a Father."

My Daughter!—Ah! my dearest
“ Daughter, said the Count, who could
“ no longer restrain his Tears, thy Words
“ draw the very Blood from my Heart.”
----He was unable to proceed, he sigh’d---
he lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, whilst
the poor *Adelaide*, in the midst of her
Consternation, endeavoured, by a thousand
Endearments, to remove the Count’s
Uneasiness, and induce him to tell her
the fatal Cause of it.

“ Father, my dear Father, said she, you
“ can inform me of nothing which can
“ give me so much Pain, as the Disorder
“ under which I now see you struggling.”

“ Oh! my Daughter, cried the Count,
“ ’tis these tender Names of Daughter
“ and Father which occasion all my Torment.
“ Alas! I am not your Father;
“ no; nor ever was worthy of being
“ Father to such a Child!”

“ Alas!

"Alas ! my dear, dear Sir, said
 "the amazed, affrighted *Adelaide*, what
 "do you say ? You not my Father-----
 "Am I then grown unworthy of your
 "Love ? What have I done ? Alas ! where
 "am I ! Oh, I am dying." At these Words
 she was falling into a Swoon, but the
 Count, now more afflicted, and more af-
 fectionate than ever, supported her in
 his Arms.

"Daughter, said he to her, Daughter !
 "hear me ! recover yourself, my dear
 "Daughter."

"Your Daughter, answered she, faint-
 "ly, your Daughter ! That dear Name
 "no more belongs to me ! Ah ! you are
 "no longer my Father ! Let me die ! Oh,
 "let me die, what can Life be worth af-
 "ter such a Loss ?"

"Alas ! my Child, replied the Count,
 "you do not yet know the Extent of
 "our Misfortune. How can I expect
 "that you will be able to support the
 "shocking

“ shocking Discovery which I have to
“ make of your real Birth ?

“ Pray my Lord,” said she, recovering in
some Measure her Presence of Mind,
“ proceed, and acquaint me with my
“ whole Destiny. Since you are not my
“ Father, I am Proof against any Thing
“ more that you can tell me. But, con-
“ tinued she, with a fresh Torrent of
“ Tears, do not, above all Things, for-
“ bid me to love you.”

“ That, my dear, replied the Count,
“ would be depriving myself of Life ; but
“ hear me a few Words more. The too
“ happy *Joclet*, even your Nurse *Joclet*,
“ is your Mother ; your Name is *Angelica*,
“ and she who is called so, is the Daugh-
“ ter given me by Heaven, and whom
“ Nature and Justice force me to ac-
“ knowledge as such. And now, my
“ dear Child, *Cromstad* is no longer your
“ Brother. He is my Son, he loves you.
“ Yes ! you shall be the Daughter of
“ my Choice, and also, I assure you, the
“ Daugh-

"Daughter of my Heart. But this too,
 "I see, my dear Child, draws Tears from
 "you."

"Alas! my Lord, replied she, what
 "else can be expected from one so com-
 "pletely wretched as I am? And oh! into
 "how many Faults has my Ignorance of
 "myself betrayed me! Heavens! how of-
 "ten have I failed in Respect to her, to
 "whom so much was due, as being your
 "Daughter! It was indeed a blind Ex-
 "cess of Vanity in me to dare to fix my
 "Affections on your Son. Ah! Sir, I
 "am now indeed unworthy of him, and
 "nothing remains for me, but to implore
 "your Goodness to procure me an ob-
 "scure and everlasting Retirement. Too
 "happy, if my Heart may be allowed
 "to carry thither an Assurance that you
 "will preserve some small Remembrance
 "of an unfortunate Creature, deceived by
 "Education, seduced by your Kindness,
 "and guilty only by being ignorant of
 "her natural Station."

"For-

“ Forbear these melancholy Extremes,
“ my Daughter, said the Count, whose
“ Grief was returning fast upon him,
“ these Trials impress me too strongly, and
“ bear down my Heart. It is I who must
“ beg of you, my dear, that you will still
“ continue to call me Father. That will
“ be the greatest Consolation to me. I
“ hold not my Life so dear; therefore I
“ conjure you ever call me by that endear-
“ ing Name. And now let that Constan-
“ cy which becomes your noble Disposition,
“ take Place. Strengthen me by your
“ Example. You know how many diffe-
“ rent Assaults I have to go through this
“ Day, how many Interests to reconcile,
“ and how many Schemes to conduct.
“ Generously assist me, thus surrounded
“ by Difficulties. Help me to acquit my-
“ self with a good Grace in this delicate
“ Situation. But above all Things care-
“ fully observe this, which is, not the
“ least of my Intreaties, namely, that
“ you do not harbour any Thoughts
“ which may oppose my Intentions con-
“ cerning you. And now embrace me,
“ my

“ my Daughter, embrace a Father who
 “ will ever think that Name an Ho-
 “ nour to him, and who will make it his
 “ constant Duty to indulge you with all
 “ the Fondness of parental Affection.”

They were ratifying these tender Declarations by mutual Caresses, when the Marquis *d'Anglure*, who knew not what Construction to put upon this long Privacy, and whose Fears were still increas'd by the Melancholy of the Countess, and the Perplexity he observed in *Cromstad* and *Angelica*. I say, when the Marquis *d'Anglure* sent in Word that he desired to see the Count, who did not decline granting him immediate Admittance, being no Ways ashamed of the Disorder which his Countenance bore, and which flowed only from too great a Tendernefs of Heart.

“ Bless me !” cried the Marquis, but I
 “ ask Pardon, my Lord, I fear I am an
 “ Intruder here ; and I also wish that the
 “ Grief which is so visible in your Coun-
 “ tenance

“tenance, and in yours too, my dear Ma-
“demoiselle, does not imply something
“very unfortunate for us all.”

“Sir, replied the Count, if you think
“the Loss of *Adelaide* a Misfortune to
“you, as I have Reason to think it is,
“your Apprehensions are but too true; for
“she whom you see here, however de-
“serving of your Choice, has no farther
“Claim to it. Alas! this dear, and un-
“fortunate Child, I may tell it in her
“Presence, without her Blushing at it,
“is the poor *Jaclet*’s Daughter: That Wo-
“man, to avoid a slight Reproach for
“her Negligence, has kept my Child as
“hers, and given me her own. In a
“Word, this is *Angelica*, and she whom
“you left with the Company is *Adelaide*.
“The Lot of this dear Child is already
“determined, she cannot be yours; but
“the real *Adelaide* is at your Option.
“The Renewal of the Alliance concert-
“ed between us is freely offered to you:
“but I desire not the least Constraint upon
“your Sentiments.”

This

As this was an Affair not entirely in the Marquis's Power immediately to decide; after remaining for some Time pensive and irresolute, he at last told the Count, but, perhaps with more Complaisance than Sincerity, that the Loss of a Bride with whom he had promised himself a continual Scene of Happiness, gave him an extreme Concern. But he farther assured the Count, that he esteemed an Alliance with his Family as so great an Honour, that, if his Father did not absolutely oppose it, Matters should continue in the same Situation; and that the supposed *Angelica*, being his Daughter, should meet with the most affectionate Regard from him, tho' her Charms and Education were inferior to the supposed *Adelaide*.

The Count expressed his Satisfaction on those Assurances from the Marquis, by a cordial Embrace, and *Angelica* herself, for so we shall now call *Foclet's* real Daughter, applauded the Marquis's Intentions, encouraging them by her Praises of the true *Adelaide*, whose Temper and Dispositions she

she displayed as a Transcript of those excellent Instructions which she herself had given her, and by which she was indeed greatly improved. The Marquis then, upon taking his Leave, assured the Count *de St. Eugene*, that before the Close of the next Day he would wait upon him with his Father's Answer, which he little doubted would be conformable to his stedfast Desire of marrying into his Family.

After this, nothing remained but for the Count to inform his real Daughter and his Son *Cromstad*, of an Event which was attended with such an advantageous Change, with Respect to the Condition of the one, and the Inclinations of the other. And being desirous of terminating immediately this troublesome Affair, he sent Word to the Countess to bring them to him, telling *Angelica* at the same Time that she was at Liberty to avoid this first Interview.

“Why,

" Why, my dear Father, said she, (ah,
 " Sir, remember I use that dear Name by
 " your own Orders) why must I quit the
 " Room at this Interview? I beg Leave
 " to be the first in paying my Respects to
 " *Mademoiselle de St. Eugene*. I can never
 " begin too soon, nor can I ever live long
 " enough to repair the great Injury I have
 " done her, by depriving her for so many
 " Years of your paternal Tenderneſs,
 " which only belonged to her."

" Well, my dear Child, replied the
 " Count, do you then speak for your poor
 " Father. 'Tis from your Mouth that
 " *Adelaide* ſhall be inform'd of her Birth
 " and Condition. As your Heart has al-
 " ways been the Depository of my Ten-
 " derneſs, who can more fitly expreſs it
 " on ſuch an Occaſion, to one to whom
 " I now owe ſo much of my Affection.
 " May you inſpire her with a Regard for
 " me equal to your own."

The Counteſs now came in with her
 Daughter, to whoſe Thoughts nothing
 could

could be more foreign than the approaching Scene, together with *Cromstad*, who being also a Stranger to the Affair, had ever since the Morning been in great Perplexity, and had his Mind filled with the most uneasy Doubts and Conjectures. No sooner was the Countess entered the Room, led by *Cromstad*, and her Daughter following her, than the real *Angelica*, with an Air and Motion, no less chearful than modest, went and threw herself at the Feet of the real *Adelaide*.

“ It is proper my dear Lady, said she,
 “ embracing her Knees, that the first Ho-
 “ nours to the Count *de St. Eugene’s*
 “ Daughter should be paid by me. If Ma-
 “ dam, my Behaviour to you has been such
 “ as to give you Offence, I hope you will
 “ impute it to my Ignorance of your Birth,
 “ and indeed of my own. But per-
 “ mit me to expiate my involuntary Crime
 “ at your Feet, and to atone for it, by em-
 “ ploying the Remainder of my Life in the
 “ most respectful Endeavours to serve you,
 and

“and repair the Injuries you have received
“by my Advantage.”

The Fervour and Dignity of this Behaviour drew Tears from the Count and Countess. *Cromstad* was struck with the most inexpressible Surprize, and the young Lady *de St. Eugene* was entirely confounded.

“Is it only then, said she, to be made a
“mock of, that I am brought here? Pray
“be so kind to yourself as to rise. Me-
“thinks a more proper Time and Place
“might have been chosen for this Farce,
“than in the Presence of the Count and
“Countess.”

“No, my dear *Mademoiselle*, said *Ade-
“laide* rising, there is no Farce in this,
“’Tis before your Father, and your real
“Mother, that I now discover to you the
“Secret of your Birth, which has too long
“remained so. However criminal my Mo-
“ther (your Nurse *Joclet*) may appear to
“you, the Share I have in her Guilt was
“only the Result of my Ignorance; but I
“implore your Pardon both for her and for
myself.

“myself. You are Mademoiselle *de St.*
 “*Eugene*, and I only a poor Country Girl,
 “who have no further Claim to any thing
 “in this Family, than what the Charity of
 “your noble Parents, or your own Bounty,
 “shall please to allot me.”

The real *Adelaide* was so confounded and surprized, the Count and Countess so affected and attentive, that *Cromstad* had time to give Vent to an Extacy of Joy, too strong to be suppressed.

“How! cried he, you not my Sister!”
 Still every one was silent, till Mademoiselle *de St. Eugene* affected by a Scene of such various Tendernefs, began to shed Tears. At which the Count and Countess were so moved, that each flew to embrace her at the same Instant.

“Ah! Daughter, said they to her, these
 “Tears, these sympathizing Sentiments declare you to be ours, and shew you deserv-
 “ing of our most tender Affection.”

Such

Such a sudden Vicissitude could not fail of agitating the astonished *Adelaide*. Tenderness had, without Doubt, some Share in her Tears; but there must certainly have been a Mixture of Joy. If she could have been in any Uncertainty with regard to her Condition, the concealing her from the Presence of her supposed Mother, and the Exultation and Caresses of the Count and Countess, at a Change so glorious for her, might have convinced her beyond all Doubt.

“But, my God! tell me then,” said she, breaking from the Arms of the Countess, and according to Custom, taking *Angelica*’s Hands to kiss them, “can all I hear be really true, Mademoiselle? surely I am in a Dream. Is it then you who are *Angelica*?” added she, drawing back one of her Hands from her, which *Angelica* in return was also kissing.

“Yes, Daughter,” said the Count to her, with an Air of Earnestness; but “be sure ever to preserve for her all the
“Affection

“Affection of a Sister; for very soon by
 “her Marriage with *Cromstad*, she will be-
 “come my Daughter again.”

“How, my Lord, said *Adelaide*, yet
 “more amaz’d, I thought the Baron had
 “been already contracted to another.”

“My Daughter, answered the Count,
 “is promised to the Marquis d’*Anglure*,
 “and it is you now who are to perform
 “my Engagement, if he does you the
 “Honour to offer to fulfil his.”

“If so, said *Adelaide*, my consent shall
 “not be wanting, and I may without Va-
 “nity, think that he will not retract.”

Cromstad durst not express the Joy which
 filled his Heart, but his Eyes sufficiently
 discovered it to his dear *Angelica* and his
 Father.

The Count *de St. Eugene* was now as
 easy as it was possible for him to be
 after the Shocks he had sustained. No-
 thing

thing now remained for a general Satisfaction, but to declare his Forgiveness of his Daughter's Nurse, and to publish to all his Family this unexpected and important Revolution in it.

In order to this, he ordered, that very Evening, all his Domesticks to be called into his Hall, and also the Curate and Dame *Joclet* to be brought thither. As soon as he heard that they were waiting for him, he went thither with the Countess, his Daughter, *Angelica*, and *Cromstad*. *Angelica* no sooner saw her Mother, than, without staying for the Count to declare the Occasion of so uncommon an Assembly, she flew into the Arms of poor *Joclet*.

"Ah! Mother!" cried *Angelica*, with
"a glowing Tenderness.

"My Daughter!" replied *Joclet*, with
"Tears of Joy.

"My dear Mother!" said *Angelica*, I was
"conscious that I was much indebted to
I "you,

“you, but alas! I little thought that I owed
 “you even my Life.”

Thus they were interchanging Embraces and Tears, whilst the Count, who was no less affected with this Scene than were his Servants, spoke in this manner.

“The Scene you now behold, sufficiently informs you of what I intended to disclose to you, and, at the same time points out your Duty. This is my Daughter, continued he, (turning to the late *Angelica*, whom they had always looked upon as no better than their Companion) and she that you have hitherto look’d upon as my Daughter, is not such, but this good Woman’s, as you may be assured by their joyful acknowledgement of each other. But continue your Respect and Services to her the same as when you thought her to be my Daughter. I here publickly adopt her as such. And, with regard to you, Dame, said he to the Nurse, I forgive you a Crime by which I alone shall be the Sufferer. You
 “see,

“ See, Sir, said he to the Curate, how prevalent your Exhortations have been with me; and To-morrow you may return “ with *Joclet* in one of my Carriages.”

“ Ah! my Lord, said *Angelica*, quite “ alarmed, then I must accompany my “ Mother. Forfake her! no, I never can, “ my Life is united to hers. Either allow “ her to stay with me, or that I----”

The Count kindly interrupting her, said, “ No, Daughter, your Tenderness shall “ be indulged; your Mother shall remain “ with you.”

Every Soul present was penetrated with Grief for the new *Angelica*: There was a general Shower of Tears, all being more strongly impressed with Sorrow at the Catastrophe of their late young Lady, whose Service was so delightful, than with Joy for the good Fortune of their late Companion.

A Narrative of the distinct Transactions more immediately subsequent to those of this Day, would lead me into tedious Details, the Reader being certainly impatient

of knowing the final Issue of this History. He cannot but guess it, so that Conciseness is requisite, as it would be an Offence against all Rules not to inform him of it, as it will confirm his Penetration.

The next Day the Marquis *d'Anglure*, returned, with his Father's Consent, and that of Dame *Joclet* was also asked for Form's sake. The former Banns required no Alteration, the Contracts might also stand the same, except substituting new Signatures instead of those erased, and approving these Erasures. There was indeed a very considerable Alteration in that between *Cromstad* and *Angelica*, by a joint Gift of two hundred thousand Livres from the Count and Countess. And in a Month after the Celebration of these two Marriages, the Count *de St. Eugene* received Advice from his old Acquaintance the Banker, as well as by Letters from Miss *Naughton*, of a Remittance of ten thousand Pounds Sterling, for the Use of her Son, the Baron *de Cromstad*. The Count had not only taken Care to naturalize him, but
also

also procured an Act of Legitimation, by which he was empowered to bear both his Name and Arms. *Cromstad* and his dear *Angelica* were confessed Instances of conjugal Happiness.

If the Marquis d'*Anglure* ever had any Cause to repent his Marriage with Lady *Adelaide de St. Eugene*, it never was divulged, so that we may reasonably, and even ought to hope the best. His Happiness had certainly been more free from Alloy, if the natural Temper of his Bride had been early rectified by a proper Education.

Letter to M. the Marquis d'—

“ **H**ERE Sir, you have the History for
 “ which you was so urgent. Every
 “ single Circumstance I had from an Eye-
 “ Witness, who was particularly acquaint-
 “ ed with all the Actors in it, and who
 “ was above thirty Years old when the
 “ Count *de St. Eugene* returned from his
 “ Embassy in 1674. Nor will you won-
 “ der at this when I tell you that my Au-
 “ thor

" that was the late M. de Serinacourt, who,
 " if I remember right, died in 1737 or
 " 1738, wanting but a few Months of
 " being an hundred Years old. Let the
 " Negligences which appear in it be im-
 " puted to the haste in which I wrote it;
 " besides the Vanity of being an Author
 " had no Share in this little Composition.
 " I was wholly taken up with the Desire of
 " gratifying your Impatience, and that of
 " the Ladies, for whom it was under-
 " taken,

I am,

— Letter to M. de Serinacourt

Sir, &c.

" H E R E S E E, you have the History for
 " which you was so urgent. Every
 " single Circumstance I had from an Eye-
 " Witness, who was particularly acquainted
 " ed with the Affairs in it, and who
 " was above thirty Years old when the
 " Count de St. Eustache returned from his
 " Embassy in 1674.
 " I am at this when I



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